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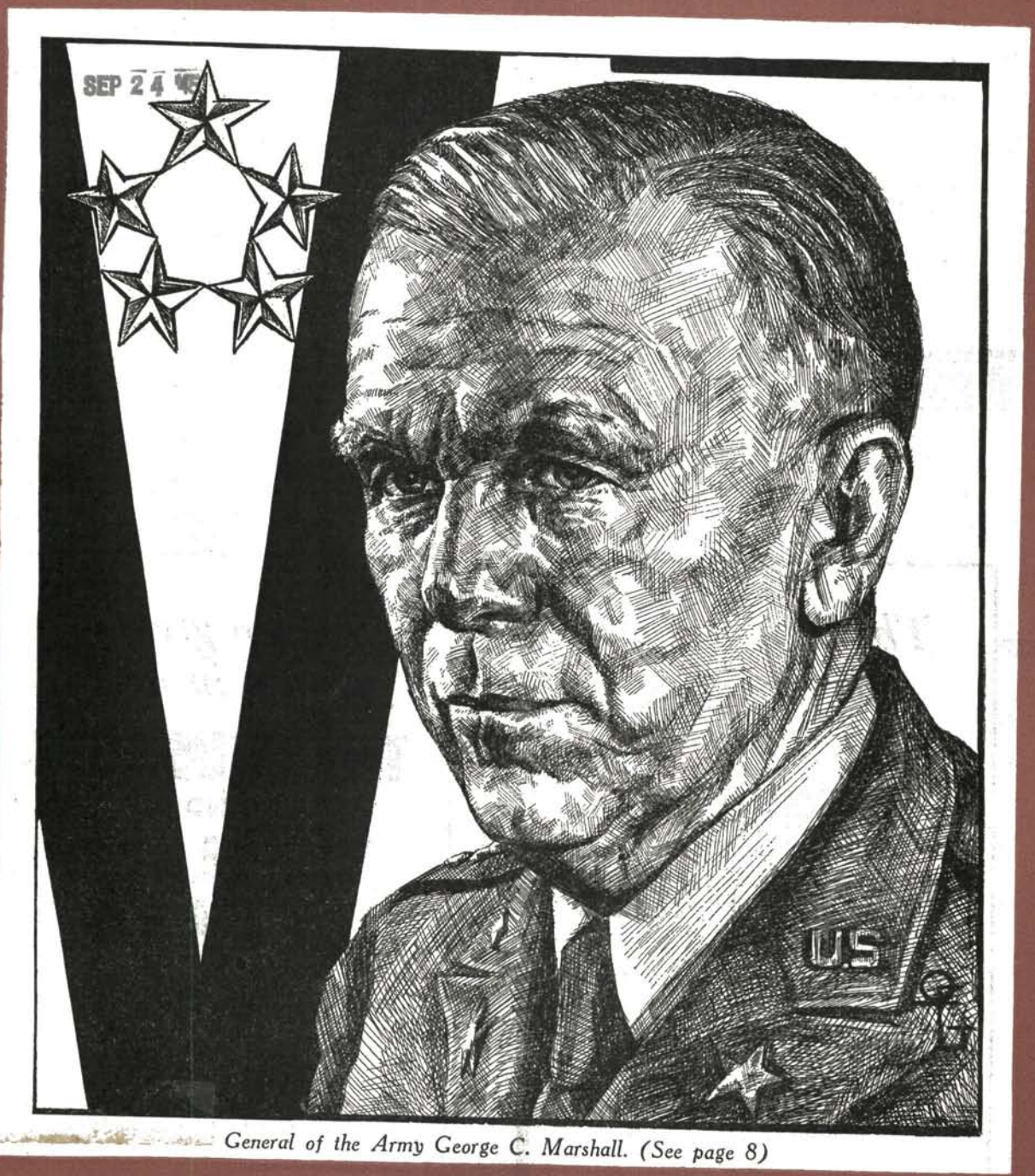

General of the Army George C. Marshall. *(See page 8)*

John Lomax and His 10,000 Songs

By DONALD DAY

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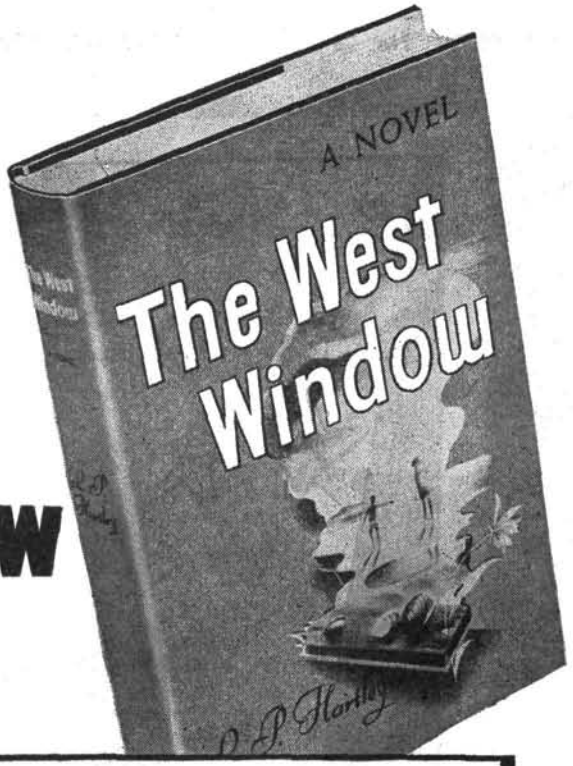

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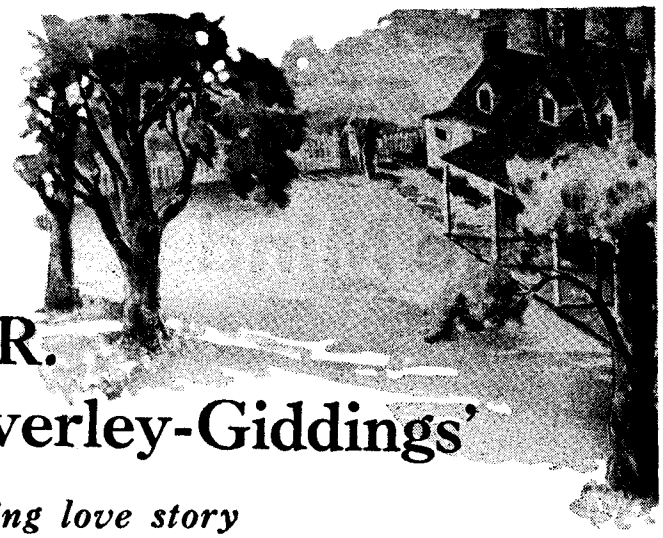

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Isolation of the Mind

TODAY we, the United States of America, are the "have" people of the world. Our enemies are at our mercy, and our Allies, if we wish, at the door of debtors' prison. Our high-speed war-production machine, with only the briefest groaning of gears, is going into a peacetime program that will supply the manifold luxuries of a technological age to a public whose pockets are swollen with money to buy. We have the greatest army, the biggest navy, the strongest air force. We have the atomic bomb. We are the mightiest nation on earth.

There's a double-take on that, as some of the ablest commentators have been saying lately. They call for America to be truly great, now that she is truly big. You can be just plain big, in sheer size and weight, all by yourself. You can be great, in the creative and moral sense, only in cohesion with others. And it is true that, as we view from our peak of privilege a world laid waste, we appear to be at a curiously dangerous point in history. Too long preoccupied with ourselves —"the best country in the world"—we have a population inbred with an isolation founded on disinterest in and dislike of the messes of Europe. The wish to be isolated has been nurtured on ignorance. Now we suddenly cannot be uninterested, but we are still ignorant.

We are at this point prone to resort to a most convenient refuge from ignorance called over-simplification. Over-simplification, despite the efficiency it suggests in the world of gadgets, is false, and a failure in the realm of judgment. It is the easy way out mentally, and very much today's fashion. You hear people say quite confidently: "Tito is this." "De Gaulle is that." "The Japs are this way." "The Germans are that way." Easily disposable, these weighty matters, in glib and downright terms. One of the weightiest is the problem of Germany, a vanquished enemy.

This Thursday we are publishing a book called THE GERMAN TALKS BACK by *Heinrich Hauser*. In the center two pages of this issue of the *SRL* is the formal announcement in which we have dealt with the main issues that a book of this kind presents to a publisher. It is an angry and contentious document by a German writer, now on his way back to Germany after seven years' residence here, who despises America and Western democracy and believes that Americans will fail in their regeneration of his people because we do not understand them. His view of German history is strongly colored by his belief in Prussianism as the insipiring core of German nationalism. In hating America, he is filled with the envy of a "have-not" nation, now beaten twice in a lifetime by the same powerful conqueror. In championing the ideal of Prussianism and in stressing the need of Germany for a strong leader, he is unconsciously exhibiting the same national traits of mind which, though he deplores and repudiates Hitler, nevertheless made Hitler possible in modern Germany. His point of view on this score is precisely that of Pastor Niemoeller who, as spiritual leader and opponent of Hitler, has stated publicly: "It may be that Germany can become democratic, but you have got to face the fact that the German people are not adapted to the sort of democracy which exists in Britain and the United States. The German people are different from the British and American peoples. They like to be governed, they like to feel authority."

We do not think Heinrich Hauser is right in the majority of his opinions and interpretations, but the fact that he *thinks* he is right is the important thing for Americans to know. His book is not made public as a piece of propaganda but as material for enlightenment and discussion. Our own Foreword, plus an Introduction by Hans Morgenthau and the footnotes throughout the text commenting on the author's statements, guard against misleading the reader uninformed in German history. We believe, after careful investigation with historians, that Hauser's point of view is typical, not of all Germans, but of a representative portion of their seventy million.

THE GERMAN TALKS BACK will be for many Americans their first realistic contact with this sort of German mind. It will be an unpleasant shock, and a sour taste of one of the most complex of our responsibilities. The materials for a better understanding of what this responsibility involves, lie in many books. One in particular should be recommended to the readers of THE GERMAN TALKS BACK; it was justly praised by Lewis Mumford in the August 11th issue of the *SRL*. This is THE GERMAN RECORD by William Ebenstein, published this summer by Farrar and Rinehart. It is a masterful, scholarly, and pungently-written analysis of the political culture of Germany, of the historical patterns which are so different from our own —the patterns that shaped the mind of THE GERMAN TALKS BACK. If enough of us could read these two books—and as many more as possible—we would never again think that the German problem was simple. On the contrary, there would be the sobering effect of a knowledge that breeds caution, and understanding that gives rise to long-range thinking. The first round against our oldest enemy, isolation of the mind, would be won, and there might be some chance of effecting what Erich Koch-Weser, German liberal who died in exile last year, wished for his accursed nation: "Let them be made whole and sound again and lead them back to the community of peoples."

THE GERMAN TALKS BACK

by HEINRICH HAUSER

with Introduction and footnotes by Hans Morgenthau, $2.50

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The Saturday Review of Literature

John Lomax and His Ten Thousand Songs

Symphonies and Operas Come from the Life of the People

DONALD DAY

HE has heard America singing, not in the Metropolitan Opera House, not in her fashionable churches, but out of her heart. John A. Lomax has corralled the cowboy at the round-up, at the bunkhouse, and in saloons. He has combed the penitentiaries, the Mississippi Delta, and the cypress swamps of Louisiana, and in all of these places the people—at times lonely, at times gay—have sung to him.

He has lived with Kentucky mountaineers, Mexican vaqueros, Great Lakes sailors, and these untutored people in singing for him sang for America too. For the Library of Congress has recordings of thousands of songs which, but for his forty years of untiring efforts, might have been lost forever. It was under the spell of his enthusiasm that the Library started its Archive of American Folk Song, and now all of us, by writing in to the Library, can get records and enjoy the stirring, spontaneous songs Lomax has found.

"Home on the Range" is an example of what his forty years of searching has brought. Lomax found this song in San Antonio in 1908. There he heard of a Negro who had once followed the Old Chisholm Trail as a cook. Warmed by Lomax's enthusiasm, the Negro sang, gladly and vibrantly, into a crude little Edison recording machine. Toward evening the old man, his eyes half closed, sang softly, "Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the antelope play."

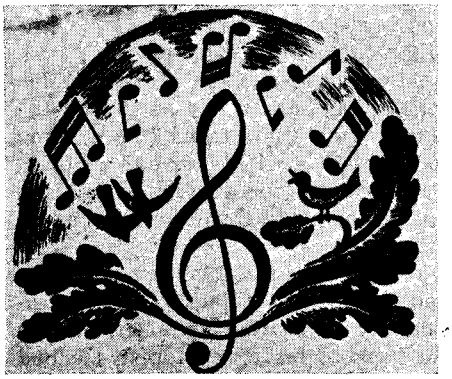
Here was a song Lomax had never heard, and the power and the beauty of it moved him profoundly. Both the words and the music appeared in his first ballad collection, published in 1910. The wide popularity of the song did not come until 1933, when it was proclaimed as Franklin D. Roosevelt's favorite.

Overnight it became a sensation. People who wished to profit by the song's success sued publishers and radio networks for half a million dollars, charging infringement of copyright. But they lost their suit. A wise court ruled that in both its melody and lyrics the song was a part of the campfire music of the cowboy and true folk music, hence in the public domain.

That is where Lomax wanted it. And that is where he wanted to bring such other popular tunes as "Old Paint," "De Ballit of de Boll Weevil," "Little Joe, the Wrangler," "Whoopie-ti-yi-yo," "Git Along Little Dogie," and the work songs, the play songs, and the love songs of the Negro.

Lomax grew up on the old Chisholm Trail over which thousands of longhorn cattle were driven to market. His earliest recollections are of hearing the cowboys singing to bedded-down cattle on a stormy night, as rain dripped from the eaves of his parents' house. He does not remember when he first began to write down cowboy songs. But when he entered the University of Texas in 1895, he took in his trunk, as he says, "along with my pistol and other implements of personal warfare," a roll of songs. These he showed to an English professor. "Worthless," was the professor's judgment. "Just another example of the crudity of America. If it is ballads you like, my boy, stick to the English ballads."

Disappointed, Lomax took the scrawled manuscripts out behind the boys' dormitory and burned them. But he did not burn his love for the songs. The next morning he was writing them down again from memory.



When he went to Harvard to do graduate work in 1905, he found the courage to show his expanded collection to Professor Barrett Wendell.

Professor Wendell read several of the ballads carefully. When he looked up, there was a glow of appreciation in his eyes. "You mean," he exclaimed, "that the cowboys have a literature of this sort?"

"Yes, sir," Lomax replied.

"You must sing them to my class in the literary history of America."

EAGERLY Lomax agreed. He sang for them some of the twenty verses he had found of that plaintive requiem, "The Dying Cowboy," beginning:

"O bury me not on the long prairie,"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

He sang the rollicking epic of "The Old Chisholm Trail," which began:

Come along, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm trail

and ended

With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky,
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet by and by.
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya, youpy ya,
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya.

When he sang for the class, it was a somewhat awed group of young Americans who heard him. Something in the beat and rhythm of the music this Texas boy had found struck a chord in their hearts, something in the words seemed prophetic of the power and the strength and the beauty that lay ahead for America. Five years later Professor Wendell wrote, "From that hour to the present, the men who heard these verses, during the cheerless progress of a course of study, have constantly spoken of them and written of them."

Professor Wendell and Professor

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George Lyman Kittredge, the famous collector of English and Scottish ballads, arranged a Sheldon traveling fellowship which enabled Lomax to spend three golden years hitting the trails of the wild, far-away places of the big and still unpeopled West, to wander by stagecoach, horseback, and afoot through the canyons of the Rockies, the mining camps of Nevada and Montana.

Experience soon taught Lomax that the best place to get cowboys to sing was in a saloon. The cowboy's song had been made up to still the cattle, to keep him company on his long lonesome rides, to amuse him and his fellows as they sat around the campfires. A little whiskey removed his inhibitions, and he sang his songs in the saloon even more freely and lustily than on the range.

And it was out in front of a saloon that Lomax found the way to "Whoopie ti-yi-yo," "Git Along Little Dogie." One hot summer's day near the stockyards of Fort Worth, an old blind man played a guitar and sang.

"Do you know any cowboy songs, old man?" Lomax asked, dropping a quarter into his cup.

"No," the old man replied, "but if you will lead me home to lunch, my wife will sing you a bookful."

Lomax helped the old man over a rough path fringing the Trinity River, to a covered wagon. A gypsy woman wearing a brocaded dress sat before a gay-colored tent nearby. The old man disappeared into the tent. When he came out a few minutes later he was a handsome dark-eyed man, alert and athletic. He made no explanation and, since the gypsy woman had already consented to sing for him, Lomax asked for none.

IN a voice untamed and free as a bird's, the woman sang songs of the road, until finally came,

> Whoopie-ti-yi-yo, git along, little dogies,
> It's your misfortune and none of my own.

Her voice was low and pleading, soothing, her eyes closed. Lomax had never heard the song, but he knew that she was singing it as it should be sung.

"Where did you learn that song?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "But to me it's the loveliest of all cowboy songs. Like others, its rhythm comes from the movement of a horse. You see, you mustn't frighten the dogies. They get nervous in crowds. Lope around them gently in the darkness as you sing about punching them along to their new home in Wyoming. They'll sleep the night through and never have a bad dream."

In 1908 Lomax went to a Negro

camp on the Brazos River. When he asked for singers, he was sent to a woman named Dink. He found her washing her man's clothes, out behind their patched and faded tent. Dink stopped and eyed Lomax curiously.

"Do you know any sinful songs, Dink?" he asked. "Any work songs or love songs?"

Dink's eyes dropped to her washboard. She was shy about singing "sinful songs" before a white man. But she finally came out with a haunting, sad melody which Lomax had never before heard. All the pathos of her insecure life throbbed through the words and music. Then she sang another song, even more poignant. Today snatches of the melody and words as Dink sang them in her clear powerful voice still ring in his ears:

> When I wo' my ap'ns low,
> Couldn't keep you from my do'.
> Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.
>
> Now I wears my ap'ns high,
> Sca'cely ever see you passin' by.
> Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

Carl Sandburg says "Dink's Song" has an eloquence and a passion as spontaneous and as fine as anything Sappho wrote. Sandburg sings it on most of his lecture programs.

Dink's singing crystallized in Lomax's mind a growing appreciation of the power and beauty of the "sinful" songs of the Negro. Missionaries had popularized the spirituals of the Negro, but Lomax began more and more to see in the work, love, and play songs a unique body of literature and music which had come out of the great sadness of a people.

After the expiration of his Sheldon fellowship, Lomax had to devote the next twenty years to making a living for himself, a wife, and four children. Ballad-hunting became an avocation—but one he pursued whenever a chance arose.

It was not until 1933, after Lomax had lost all his savings in the depression and his health soon after, that he got back to his real interest. He had a double-edged problem: he wanted above all things to finish collecting the songs of America, but how was he to do that and also manage to get his young son, Alan, through college? Finally, Lomax determined to go out after the songs and to take Alan along as his helper.

He was determined that this odyssey must not end with merely writing the songs down. What he wanted now was a permanent and enduring record of America's songs. And he wanted them in a form that would not wear out or be lost with time.

IF the songs were recorded on the most efficient equipment, why shouldn't the Library of Congress keep the master record so that reproductions could be made forever? Lomax went to Washington and had a talk with Carl Engle, head of the music division of the Library of Congress. The Library at that time had no recordings of American folk music but Engle agreed that music was made to be heard, not to be read. He agreed that the Library would furnish Lomax with equipment if he would deposit his records in the Library. Thus, in 1933, began the Archive of American Folk Song.

The equipment the Library agreed to supply had to be specially made, and this would take time. Lomax was impatient to get started so, with a bank account as slim as a hijacker's conscience, he set off at once. Fitted into the back seat of his Ford was a recording machine. Somehow, too, he made room for cots, bedding, and cooking equipment. Alan sat beside him, asleep, not at all interested in their mission.

Thirty miles from Dallas, driving along the highway, Lomax heard a woman singing. Her voice was clear and rich. They stopped the car in front of a dilapidated cabin. Out back they found a wrinkled old Negro woman rubbing clothes with all her might, singing as she worked.

They unloaded and set up their machine, and in a tremulous voice, loaded with pathos, the old woman sang, as she continued to rub clothes, the beautiful spiritual, "God's Goin' to Trouble de Waters." Alan's expression of indifference changed. He listened attentively, reverently. The old woman sang other songs. When they left, Alan said in a soft voice, "Dad, is this the sort of singing we are going to record?"

"Yes, son. This sort and the equally powerful sinful songs of the Negro."

Alan was converted. Soon his enthusiasm for ballads had grown to the point that he wanted to free all the convicts who could sing, to let out of the penitentiaries the men and women who so poignantly expressed in

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their songs the joys and the sorrows of their oppressed lives.

To find the sinful songs of the Negro, the Lomaxes first went to the honky-tonks, barrel houses, and low gambling dives. But they found that the radio had replaced the kind of singer they sought. New Orleans, which they had hoped would be their richest field, proved almost songless. Doggedly, they tried Beale Street in Memphis, but with worse luck.

Then they decided to try the penitentiaries. The sinful songs were best known and sung by the wandering guitar-picking Negroes who made a living by frequenting the dives. Many of these men, sought after by women, eventually got into shooting or cutting scrapes with jealous lovers or husbands, and almost invariably landed in the penitentiary. There, away from the contamination of the radio and of the white man, their songs continued "pure Negro," and there the Lomaxes decided they would go after them.

The hunch proved right. In the Louisiana State Penitentiary they found Huddie Ledbetter, better known as "Lead Belly." From the time he first saw this Negro crouched over his guitar, his fingers making incredibly swift, skilful runs, as he sang in his rich baritone voice with intensity and passion, Lomax knew that this was the man who could induce other convicts to sing the songs he wanted. More than that, Lead Belly carried in his head the words and tunes to more than 500 songs, including that plaintive epic known as "De Ballit of de Boll Weevil":

Oh, have you heard de lates',
De lates' of de songs?
It's about dem little Boll Weevils,
Dey's picked up bofe feet an' gone
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De Boll Weevil is a little bug
Fu'um Mexico, dey say,
He come to try dis Texas soil
En thought he better stay,
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home.

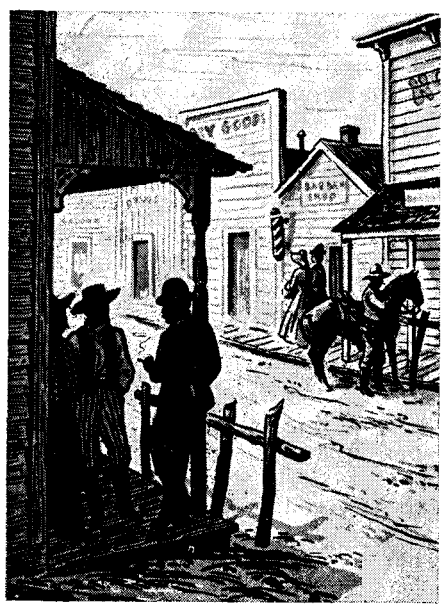
De fus' time I saw de Boll Weevil
He wuz setting on de square,
De nex' time I saw de Boll Weevil
He had all his family dere—
Dey's lookin' for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home.

LEAD BELLY had sung his way out of the Texas penitentiary after he had served only seven of a thirty-years' term for murder. Meanwhile he had killed another man. Lead Belly begged Lomax to get him a pardon from the Governor of Louisiana.

A year after their first meeting with Lead Belly, the Negro was set free to accompany them. The Modern Language Association asked Lomax to have Lead Belly give a program of Negro music at its annual meeting in Philadelphia. Lomax decided to risk taking Lead Belly to Philadelphia, for he had always felt that if the singer could get a hearing in the East, he would not only make a name for himself, but would also bring the sinful songs of the Negro to the public attention.

Lead Belly was a sensation in Philadelphia and later in New York. He appeared on the March of Time program, he played his guitar and sang before audiences ranging from Negro convicts to scholars, and he was universally applauded.

But troubles soon developed. No lodging house or hotel south of Harlem would take Lead Belly in with Lomax and Alan. In Harlem no lodging place would take them in with Lead Belly. This meant that the irresponsible Lead Belly had to stay alone—free to wander about at night. Finally, in an effort to stabilize Lead Belly, so that he might do the job he could do in his singing, Lomax took a house in Connecticut and sent for the Negro's girl, Martha, and arranged their marriage himself, giving the bride away. Alan served as best man.



—From the jacket of "Big Spring."

The newlyweds were happy for a while, but Lead Belly's resentment at schedules and regular performances and a regulated life continued to grow. The strain of being a real artist was too much. Lomax decided that the only fair thing to both Lead Belly and to himself was to send the Negro and his Martha back to Shreveport. They went gladly, already tired of the demands which fame had made upon them.

Lomax's obsession for hearing America sing and for recording her songs ended only when his health forced him to quit traveling in 1941. By then he and Alan, greatly aided by annual grants from the Carnegie Foundation, had piled up in the Archive of American Folk Song the amazing total of more than 10,000 recordings. The Library of Congress had not had one folk song recording until Lomax began his work in 1933. Meanwhile other collectors, inspired by the Lomaxes' work, had added another 10,000 recordings to their total.

BUT Lomax was not satisfied to have the recordings filed away where they could be used only by scholars and research workers. He wanted them to be made available to everyone. In this he had the enthusiastic support of Archibald MacLeish, who induced the Carnegie people to grant funds for building a sound studio at the Library of Congress, where the records could be reproduced under the most favorable conditions. All of the 20,000 songs resting in the Archive may be obtained now at cost by anyone.

Thanks to John A. Lomax, America will not have to travel half a million miles afoot, by horseback, stagecoach, train, and automobile to hear these songs. All she will have to do is to order the songs she wants to hear.* And if she will do this, Archibald MacLeish believes that the songs will "tell more about the American people than all the miles of their quadruple-lane express highways and the acres of their billboard-plastered cities," for he is certain that here is "a body of words and music which tells almost as much about the American people as the marks they have made upon the earth itself."

For those who prefer the eye to the ear, Lomax has published five meaty collections. The symphonies and operas of the future—American symphonies and operas—cannot be truly great unless they come from the life of the people. In the songs Lomax has preserved lies perhaps America's most intimate expression of this life. In these songs America has poured out her hottest hates and warmest loves.

Today, in his seventies, John A. Lomax sits in a neat cottage surrounded with big oak trees above White Rock Lake near Dallas, writing his "Adventures of a Ballad Hunter." If the condition of his health would permit, he would leave the writing to other men and go out seeking more songs.

When too tired to work, he will sit and listen by the hour to the recordings of the songs he has gathered, his eyes closed, his lips moving silently to form the words with the singers. If he finishes his book, it will make delightful reading; if not, the songs that America has sung to him will forever tell his most intimate story.

*A catalogue (giving the price of each record) may be obtained free by writing to the Archive of American Folk Song, Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

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Soldier of Democracy

SELECTED SPEECHES AND STATEMENTS OF GENERAL OF THE ARMY GEORGE C. MARSHALL. Edited by Major H. A. De Weerd. Washington: The Infantry Journal. 1945. 263 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

THE great value of this collection of General Marshall's papers lies in the fact that it is a contemporary treatise on the art of high command and the building of military policy at the highest level.

It is not too much to say that we have never before had such a record available to us. None of our previous wars has yielded us, and so soon after the hour of victory, so useful a compendium of the means by which victory was attained, or so clear a revelation of the thoughts and character of the soldier who was the principal architect of that victory.

After the Civil War we did, of course, have the colossal "Official Records," but they were not put together in such a fashion as to serve the military student for any other purpose save reference, and that at no small pains. There were far too many volumes and too much useless detail for anyone to attempt to read the whole collection through. We had various volumes of memoirs, of which Grant's is still the most useful; as for military biographies, for almost half a century Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson" stood virtually alone, until Douglas Southall Freeman gave us his monumental "Robert E. Lee" and "Lee's Lieutenants." No one has done anything like a comparable job for any of the Union generals. To attempt to reconstruct, accurately and objectively, the military policy of the government at Washington, during the years 1861-65, and the considerations affecting the creation, organization, and command of the Union armies, is a task which has to be attempted in order to understand its difficulties. Upton's "Military Policy of the United States" is a useful guidebook, but the portion dealing with the Civil War is far too brief and gives no glimpse of the personalities behind the decisions which it records.

In most of what has been written about this period (Freeman and Henderson excepted), the distorting hand of controversy is at work. The writers are either trying to prove they were always right, or that some one of the many figures upon the stage was right when his associates were wrong.

The same, alas, is true of most of what has been written about our military policy in World War I. General March's memoirs are a case in point. Several of the generals who commanded in France have written books, of which General Harbord's, though sadly incomplete, is still the best; but they tell us little of what went on in Washington except as viewed from the field—not always the most satisfactory observing station for impartial examination of such matters. We have had nothing whatever to compare with the admirable British and German official histories.

It is, therefore, most encouraging to see, at so early a date, such a volume as this one emerging from the fog of war. General Marshall speaks as he thinks, in clear and orderly terms. Throughout the book, there is no single instance of loose thinking, or confusion, or of rhodomontade. General Marshall's style has a simple eloquence which springs from complete knowledge of his subject and an utter sincerity; but there are no purple passages.

Reading what he said and wrote as he went along with his heavy tasks, you realize that he possessed certain well-grounded convictions. He believes —as his chosen field commander, Eisenhower, once put it—not in air power, in sea power, or in land power, but in combined, integrated power of all arms as the foundation of victory in modern war. Above all, he realizes that the human factor is the most important single element in war. He stresses again and again the heavy responsibilities of leadership. "Leadership is the most important consideration . . . leadership in the field must not depend on seniority . . . My great necessity is freedom to select the best commanders."

Fortunately for the United States, and for the lives of tens of thousands of young American soldiers, he was able to get that freedom, and he used it so superbly well that we came through the entire war without a single serious failure in command after the first few months of action. "The lives of our young men," he says grimly, "are not to be wasted."

Again and again, the Chief of Staff reveals himself as the soldier of democracy. He knows well that he is the servant of the people; there is no single suggestion of the Napoleonic complex about him. "Military policy is dependent on public opinion." He does not love war:

> There is nothing romantic, dramatic or satisfying in modern conflict. It is all horrible, and now it carries with it a dreadful threat to civil populations . . . We must make this war so terrible to the enemy, so overwhelming that never again can a small group of dictators find a sufficient following to destroy the peaceful security of a civilized world.

There is no space in this brief review to give even a glimpse of the closely packed detail in which General Marshall tells of his work in building our greatest Army and in directing its operations in the greatest war in history. But we may surely hope that this book is only a beginning, that we shall have, in due time, the complete memoirs of the man who led us so well and so successfully, and who can set forth in such clear and forceful language the faith that is in him. The war is ended, but we shall need for a troubled future the guiding light of General Marshall's wisdom and selfless courage.

—Harris & Ewing

Brass Hats Conferring in the Pacific Area.

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The Voice of Prussia

THE GERMAN TALKS BACK. By Heinrich Hauser. New York: Henry Holt & Co., Inc. 1945. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD

FROM their Notice to the Reader, it seems that the conscientious publishers of Heinrich Hauser's book viewed it with qualms and misgivings. They even submitted it to "historians of Germany, to sociologists, to experts on German affairs, and to patriotic propagandists in both official and unofficial positions." The question was whether the state of mind Mr. Hauser represents is typical of Germany today, and whether his special pleas for an unregenerate Germany might undermine the judgment of Americans.

Where on earth have Messrs. Henry Holt and Company been these last five years? Have they never read any of the scores of pleas that German apologists have been making in the United States and Britain, often in the form of "exposures" of Nazism? The only exceptional thing about Mr. Hauser's book is that it is transparently open. He does not pretend to be a democrat; he does not profess that the majority of Germans respect democracy or want to follow its ways; he does not utter a word of criticism for Germany's repeated attempts to conquer and enslave her neighbors. On all these matters he speaks, not as a Nazi, but as a quintessential German; and the fact that he has been a guest of this country for the last half dozen years only makes him a better museum specimen.

The publishers are right, however, in thinking that this is a representative book; and they have done a public service in bringing it out. Let them hew to this line and let the Dorothy Thompsons fall where they may. For in "The German Talks Back" Mr. Hauser has given us an early preview of the line that the Germans will take in an attempt to salvage an ersatz victory from the rubble and ashes of the Third Reich.

First, according to Mr. Hauser, "Democracy has actually lost the war, because the spreading of Communism all over Europe proves once again the power of totalitarian ideology."

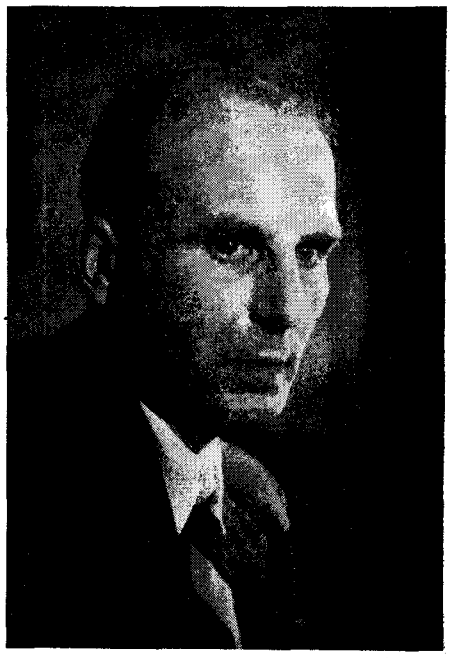
This barefaced lie will doubtless be repeated with the damnable iteration of a radio sponsor's advertisement; so it is good to have it stated at the beginning in almost classic form. The truth is, of course, that democracy came through the war vastly strengthened in America and Britain, in Holland, Denmark, and Norway; potentially strengthened in France, Italy, and China. When the democratic armies met the fascist armies on anything like equal terms, it was the fascists, the self-proclaimed lovers of war, who were thoroughly beaten. Democracy's political strength and moral self-confidence were never higher than at this moment. Totalitarian ideology has advanced nowhere.

The fact that the military power of fascism has been broken and its plans for world enslavement have been ruined makes no impression on Mr. Hauser. At the moment of Germany's completest defeat, he stoutly clings to the system that brought about this suicidal result. This is an example of what the Church used to call invincible ignorance: a complete failure to salvage any useful truths from the hard lessons of experience. Mr. Hauser hopes that the citizens of the democracies will overlook the moral of this tale as arrogantly and as stupidly as he does. If they do, they will deserve what is coming to them.

The second line of German sapping operations is to convince the democracies that Germany's war crimes cannot be judged and punished, for the United Nations have also committed crimes. This is to remove what the late Albert Jay Nock, who was as helpful as Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes in whitewashing Germany's plans during the First World War, once called the "myth" of a guilty nation. Mr. Hauser says in so many words: We do not feel guilty; and if you dare to condemn us for our sins you will feel equally guilty; at all events, we will laugh at you for your pains. Unfortunately, Mr. Hauser's notion that the judge must be spotless in order to pronounce judgment on a criminal is widely shared by many "good" people: if it were sound it would remove the very possibility of earthly justice.

Now, Germany's guilt is as massive as Germany's conscience is insensitive. It consists in having planned a war of conquest, in having first introduced into that war the principles of obliteration and extermination, applied to civilians as well as to armies, and in having, without the excuse of a military objective, actively tortured and killed defenseless human beings on the scale of from five to seven millions. The total purpose of this effort was to aggrandize German power at the expense of the rest of the human race.

In military conflict with the Germans, the United Nations, mistakenly I believe, adopted the fascist doctrine and practice of obliteration bombing. Though this fact should cause us now to examine our conduct and repent of it, it does not place us on the moral level of Germany. Even when Germany's methods of warfare were lawful, her purposes were debased. Even when the United Nations' methods blindly imitated those of the fascists their purposes were, first, sheer self-defense, and second, freedom, justice, coöperation, ends in which all men could share. The universality of the United Nations' cause is what makes it possible to sit in judgment, not merely on Hitler and Himmler, not merely on the active Nazis, but on Germany. The very people who believe with Burke that one cannot indict a nation would disprove their own claim by giving Germany a blanket absolution.



—*Arni*

Heinrich Hauser's "deliberate perversion of history deserves . . . exhaustive analysis."

The third German line is this: You must give us ample economic help and let us go our own way, developing the anti-democratic system that is natural to us; otherwise, we will go completely communist—as indeed we intend to do anyway, because the Prussianism we adore is actually a kind of socialism based on feudal status. You must not moralize over our brutal ways or attempt to keep us in bonds. Like so many other parts of the German system of defense, the thesis is self-contradictory and the plan is as cynical in its intentions as a strip-tease; but like the other examples of self-contradiction and self-deception that thread through Mr. Hauser's whole book, it discloses the essentially irrational nature of the minds we have to deal with. Heine described that nature in a memorable passage a century ago; but what only a poet could see then, the man in the street should be able to understand today.

If Germany is what Mr. Hauser says she is, why should the democracies apply any other method to her regenera-

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tion than the one the author admires: strict military coercion? As practised by Frederick the Great, Mr. Hauser points out that it was "the only alternative to [German] bestiality." If it is not the only way now, the other alternative is the patient building up of a democratic order; and the United Nations must be prepared to police Germany for a hundred years if necessary to ensure that something more than a political façade for absolutism, like the Weimar Republic, is created. We should reward Germany for every measure of responsible self-government she achieves, and penalize her for every attempt to revive absolutism.

Not the least significant part of Mr. Hauser's book are his side-trips into autobiography. He grew up in the period before the First World War, when German youth learned to despise its historic culture and to go in for a pre-Spenglerian nihilism, based on a love for technics for its own sake, and a desire for unlimited power. There were still many counter-currents in that pre-1914 Germany, as I know from the accounts of many German friends; but the new note of "salvation through nihilism" had already been struck. In Mr. Hauser's own experience as a young soldier, one of the Berlin army that brutally attacked and killed Rosa Luxembourg, he vividly presents the special combination of fear, sadism, and lust that form the core of the Nazi mentality: when combined with the more traditional German elements of isolationism, economic autarchy, anti-semitism, and military regimentation it formed the explosive mixture that brought on the present catastrophe. By his reflections on his own life, Mr. Hauser helps us to understand the scale and the speed of Germany's internal disintegration; at the same time, he calls our attention to elements in every other country that tend to bring out the same responses and to bring on the same results.

At almost every point, Mr. Hauser's ideal Germany is the opposite of what America, ideally, stands for. But this does not make his criticisms of the United States any less penetrating: from the standpoint of our own self-education they are almost as useful as his exposures of Germany. His attacks on America are sometimes ignorant and usually one-sided; in his criticism of American industrial methods he follows the familiar Siegfried line; but what he says, for example, of the demoralizing picture of American life that Hollywood presents to the world is notoriously true. Salutary, likewise, are the following words: "The protestations of patriotic ardor on the part of the radio and the cinema notwithstanding, these huge mob-cuddling institutions did their level best to keep from the people any true realization of the war."

Even more impressive is the contrast Mr. Hauser draws between America and Europe, as between Brueghel's prints of the Fat Table and the Lean Table: that contrast which our abrupt and brutal cutting off of Lend-Lease supplies for food to our Allies only accentuated. Our greedy return to a high diet, at a moment when the rest of the world is suffering from malnutrition, often outright starvation, may in fact undo many of the real gains we have made toward international coöperation. This isolationism of the belly shows that America has yet to understand the meaning of human brotherhood. On that point, an avowed enemy like Mr. Hauser can afford to be more candid than our friends.

The virtue of this book, however, is that it says openly and brazenly what so many other equally unrepentant and unregenerate Germans are saying circumspectly and deviously. These are not the ravings of a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi on the lunatic fringe, nor are they the generous hopes of a much smaller "angelic fringe" on the other side: the opinions voiced by Mr. Hauser are probably close to the present beliefs of the majority of the countrymen he now seeks to rejoin. Though the publishers called upon an authority on Germany to counterbalance some of Mr. Hauser's wilder misstatements, his lies, his inner contradictions, and his deliberate perversions of history deserve a far more exhaustive analysis. If such a running commentary were made, I can imagine no more useful text to place in the hands of our troops of occupation, from the commanding generals and administrators down. They will need some back talk of their own when the German starts to talk back. I fear that our schools of military government have not always equipped them with live ammunition or tracer bullets.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SPECIAL THIS WEEK! GILBERT & SULLIVAN

Gilbert & Sullivan fans should have little trouble in identifying the characters in this week's quiz from their brief self-descriptions quoted below. Allowing 3 points for each character you can name and 2 more for the work in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. I am never known to quail at the fury of a gale, and I'm never never sick at sea.
2. I'm very good at integral and differential calculus; I know the scientific names of beings animalculous.
3. I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination few can resist.
4. I'm not so old, and not so plain, and I'm quite prepared to marry again.
5. When I was a lad I served a term as office boy to an attorney's firm.
6. Though counting in the usual way, years twenty-one I've been alive, yet, reckoning by my natal day, I am a little boy of five!
7. A wandering minstrel I—a thing of shreds and patches.
8. On Tuesday I made a false income-tax return. On Wednesday I forged a will. On Thursday I shot a fox. On Friday I forged a cheque.
9. All thieves who could my fees afford relied on my orations, and many a burglar I've restored to his friends and his relations.
10. A many years ago, when I was young and charming, as some of you may know, I practised baby-farming.
11. A nurserymaid is not afraid of what you people *call* work, so I made up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid-of-all-work.
12. I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering.
13. In enterprise of martial kind, when there was any fighting, he led his regiment from behind—he found it less exciting.
14. Am I alone and unobserved? I am! Then let me own I'm an aesthetic sham! This air severe is but a mere veneer!
15. I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer, I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer.
16. Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world.
17. Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold, and the mate of the *Nancy* brig, and a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's gig.
18. When I sally forth to seek my prey, I help myself in a royal way: I sink a few more ships, it's true, than a well-bred monarch ought to do.
19. I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque, and slain a little baby for the coral on its neck.
20. My object all sublime I shall achieve in time—to let the punishment fit the crime—the punishment fit the crime.

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High Adventure in Interdependence

THE WHITE TOWER. By James Ramsey Ullman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1945. 479 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THERE have been many plays and novels in which the interest has centered in the development and revelation of the several characters of a group submitted to a common trial. The dramatic events employed by the author may be those of fire or flood or famine, of war in all its varieties, of plague or earthquake, or of merely an overnight auto-bus breakdown; but, whatever the events, the pattern is recognizable and familiar. We are introduced to a group of strangers, we accept them at first for what they seem to be, and then gradually, as the pressure of shared circumstances bears down upon them, each shows himself for what he really is. There are even certain standard variations, of which the most hackneyed is that in which the last become first and the mighty are cast down. It is this basic pattern that we find in "The White Tower," but Mr. Ullman has used it as freshly as if it had never been used before, and has avoided hackneyed variations along with easy ironies and stock surprises. He has also imbued his tale with remarkable vitality, while being served in its telling by a rich fund of special knowledge.

When Martin Ordway, lost above Europe, parachuted into the night from his flak-wrecked American bomber, he came to earth in the Swiss valley of Kandermatt; and it was as though he had plunged through time as well as space. For here was the valley he had visited and loved a dozen years before, here was the *Gasthof* where he had stayed, and Andreas his old guide, and Nicholas Radcliffe his old friend, and Carla who had been as a sister to him when she was fifteen. Here, too, "a cold, radiant white shape unmoving and immutable in the sky," towering above Kandermatt, was the mass and challenge of the White Tower. It seemed a miracle to Martin that he should find himself where he was, and one must admit that it was an extraordinary stroke of fate; but, as Mr. Ullman manages matters, it is not a stroke that strains the reader's powers of belief. Later, indeed, the author does strain those powers, but again, such is his persuasiveness, he succeeds in getting us to suspend our doubts. Or, perhaps, a reviewer should speak only for himself in this instance.

No one had ever climbed the White Tower from the Kandermatt side. For more than a hundred years men had been trying, and many had died trying; for twenty years past every guide but Andreas Benner had shunned this mountain on which Andreas's own father had perished. But now, with the arrival of Martin to spur the others into action, there were six persons in Kandermatt determined to accomplish the impossible. Martin was determined to climb the White Tower, in satisfaction of an old desire, before he slipped out of Switzerland, back to the wars, via the underground-aerial route. Carla was determined to climb where he climbed, for the sister-brother relationship was far behind them. Andreas was determined to climb where his father had failed. Radcliffe, the lonely English geologist who had been on Everest with Mallory, was determined to climb to a victory that would wash out the memory of past defeats. Paul Delambre, wealthy dilettante, frustrated writer and lover, the hollow man, the stuffed man, was determined to climb as an escape from the mirror and horror of self, as an escape into reality. And Siegfried Hein, ardent Nazi and Wehrmacht officer, a truly great Alpinist who had been studying White Tower and planning his campaign against it for years, was determined to climb for the glory of the Third Reich and the Fuehrer.

We are asked to believe that determination was translated into action, that a cautious guide like Andreas and an expert mountaineer like Hein were willing to team themselves with "a middle-aged geologist, a girl and a half-shot bomber pilot," plus a brandy-drinking idler, in an assault upon a peak that had defeated the skill and calculation of a century; and we are asked to believe, further, that members of this semi-amateur team could come closer to success than had any of their predecessors. If the reader's belief fails, then, of course, the novel will fail for him. But if not, if doubts are suspended, then the reward is the enjoyment of a story that tightens its hold upon the interest with every turn of the page.

The narrative strategy is straightforward and free from tricks, with the greater part of the writing devoted to the physical actions and incidents of the ascent and descent of the White Tower; and, because Mr. Ullman writes of mountaineering as informally and as intelligently as Hemingway writes of bull-fighting, the reader is made to identify himself with every step, hold, hesitation, and slip of the several climbers. This is no tale for hypsophobes: they will find themselves holding on to their chairs.

But the prime purpose of the climbing, so brilliantly described, is to reveal the climbers, and here there is rather more of promise than fulfilment. Martin, for all his bitter philosophizing about life in the large and war in particular, stays in the memory as merely an attractive young man whose part could be easily cast in Hollywood. And Carla remains the kind of desirable, unselfish heroine who makes one think again of Hemingway. Andreas is all honest, sturdy peasant and a yard wide, while Radcliffe is shadowy. Delambre is perhaps the most successfully realized of the lot. ("If climbing was putting one foot before the other, one hand above the other, he could climb. If writing was setting down one word after another, he could write. If fighting was striking one blow after another, he could fight, and if loving was embracing the body of one woman after another, he could love. And yet he was neither mountaineer, author, soldier, lover. He had never climbed to the summit of any great peak. He had never written a book, defeated an enemy, found or engendered happiness in any woman. Always between desire and fulfilment there was the shadow. Always between the image and the substance there was the stillness and emptiness of the mirror, the gray mist rising out of the depths of the mirror, deeper and more terrible than emptiness.") And the character of Siegfried Hein is accounted for, with objective understanding, in some of the best pages of the book.

If promises are partly unredeemed, it is probably because the promises are far from small. And if Mr. Ullman falls short of the summit, even as Martin Ordway, he still climbs impressively. There is in "The White Tower" much thoughtful writing to match the skil-

James Ramsey Ullman "has avoided easy ironies and stock surprises."

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ful physical descriptions, as, for example, in this speech of Radcliffe's:

> Sometimes it seems to me that man—all of us together and each one of us in himself—can be compared to a candle in a dark room. The flame of the candle is his spirit, his awareness, his comprehension—whatever you choose to call it—and the room is the world or universe he inhabits. The flame is not a particularly bright one, to be sure, but neither, in the beginning, is the room a very large one, and the candle serves it fairly well. Gradually, however, as the years and the centuries pass, the room begins to grow larger, its walls begin to recede and its ceiling to rise, at first very slowly, very haltingly, and then faster and faster, until presently it is no longer a room at all, but a limitless expanse, a plain, a waste. But the candle is still only a candle. Man is still only man. And the little flame that once threw its beams, however faintly, to the four walls and corners of a room is now nothing but a tiny lost flickering in unbounded, untracked darkness.

Yes, there is much thoughtful writing, whatever the shortcomings in the matter of character, and there are skill and power in Mr. Ullman's expression of what I take to be his basic theme: the interdependence of all human beings, and the ultimate loneliness of each. "The White Tower" is no "Magic Mountain," but such literary peaks are very few, and no novel is negligible that can make us think even fleetingly of Mann's masterpiece. Speaking on another level of judgment, it is certain that "The White Tower" should be neglected by no reader avid of fictional excitement and entertainment.

On the Threshold of a New Era

SONG OF THE DNIEPER. By Zalman Shneour. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 376 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

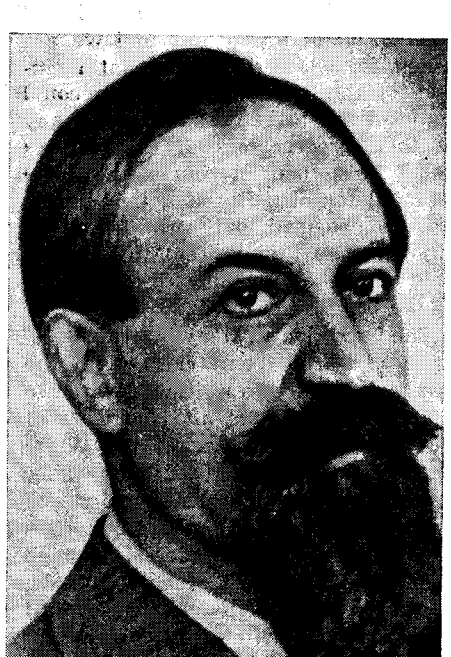
> Where are you, you Jews like oaks, with your broad-capped jack boots and squashed, burnt noses like those of lions? You coachmen, butchers, watercarriers, plasterers, hewers of wood. . . . Through entire generations of disenheartened shopkeepers and disgruntled publicans, your strength, like salt, preserved our sickened Jewishness. . . . Without your stubborn devotion, without your peasant-like obstinacy, we should have rotted utterly.

THUS Mr. Shneour introduces his novel; and if those among us who have come to credit spiritual values primarily with the miracle of Jewish survival will not readily agree with his sweeping assertion, yet we must acknowledge the contagion of his own love for the "reservoir of the healthy blood and the earthly passion of the people of Israel." It needs no more than thirty pages of reading to feel at home in Mr. Shneour's world—as though it had always been just around the corner and were not a milieu as astounding and even weird as any far-off exotic land.

A small Russian-Jewish country town on the banks of the Dnieper is the scene of this novel, the turn of the century its time. There is nothing unique in characters or background; Westernized ghetto writers have written scores of more or less sentimental stories set in a similar habitat. Nor is the hero original: the tender-hearted young giant is a stock-in-trade figure of folklore (both genuine and phony). It is Mr. Shneour's art of writing alone which makes his tale a superb piece of fiction.

Through God's grace Noah Pandre, the Herculean butcher, has been "released from alien hands," that is, exempted from the much-dreaded four-year service with the Czar's army. To show God his gratitude, he follows the rabbi's advice and changes his occupation by apprenticing himself to Sender Pardon, the coachman. And a good coachman he turns out to be. He has always been—to say the least—quite a blade with women; but Mary, the demure daughter of his boss, has little trouble in mending his manners.

All would be well after their marriage if it weren't for a dormant sense of justice in Noah's breast—as though his physical strength, the source of his professional success as well as his earlier philanderings, were meant for something bigger than both as he now matures. A new police chief has come to Shklov and has started a reign of petty terror. How can a man like Noah help fighting him?



"There is something of Biblical straightforwardness in the simple basic lines of Zalman Shneour's story."

So he lands in jail. And here he cannot help protecting his fellow prisoners against the brutal tyranny of one of the inmates—as a year later, after his release from prison, he will lead the defense in a pogrom. Only very slowly, if ever, does it dawn upon Noah that it is more than mere fighting spirit and exuberant energy which bring him again and again into trouble. Having won his Mary, and having kept her devotion in the teeth of such perils as beset her while he was in prison, he himself does not ask for more.

There is something of Biblical straightforwardness in the simple basic lines of this story, and something of the robustness of Biblical country life in its colors. But its actual charm, as indeed its singular flavor, is produced by an array of full-blooded and life-sized "minor" characters. These craftsmen and their helpers, these rabbis, lawyers, and town "millionaires," these draftdodgers, pickpockets, and horse-thieves, these peddlers and goody-goodies, these buxom girls and their miscellaneous suitors, these paterfamiliases with their whole Sabbath retinue, these informers and petty officials—each of them forms a part of a panoramic pageant of medieval society on the threshold of a new awareness of man's destiny. All of them are law-abiding Jews; but already their Jewishness, thinned-out and petrified, threatened to give way to new values. How—so the narrator seems to wonder as he leaves Noah and his wife on the pier of Antwerp, preparing to snap the last threads binding them to their home—how will the peasant Jews of Shklov retain their strength and their dignity amidst new values? How will they stand up against the dangers of a new world and their own transformation in it?

News Pictures from the Front

By Ruth Douglas Keener

IT is the way their hands look as they lie
In their last attitudes
That makes you want to scream with anguish;
Their young male hands,
flung out so helplessly,
The fingers slightly curled,
As though each tried to cling there in his final moment
To someone, something that he loved,
That meant life to him.

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With Tongue-in-Cheek in Literature

A TREASURY OF SATIRE. Edited by Edgar Johnson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 770 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

SATIRE is justifiable insult, impertinence, inspired by rage or contempt. Not of course justifiable in any absolute way, but thought to be just and even purging by its maker. Herein it differs from mere rudeness with which, in life and letters, too many are apt to confuse it. For the making of it you don't necessarily need moral indignation—but there must be indignation of some kind, religious, esthetic, philosophical, social.

In literature satire has, I suppose, the least chance of abiding and widespread popularity. Great works with a strong satiric element—and it is on these rather than on pure satire Dr. Johnson has drawn in this handsome volume—may reach and keep an almost universal popularity—"Don Quixote," "Gil Blas" (neither mentioned nor represented here), much of Dickens and Thackeray, La Fontaine, Molière, Strindberg (another inexplicable omission) are examples of authors and books in which satire is not always dominant, but adds largely to the reader's pleasure. It is a rare reader who can enjoy satire neat—could keep Juvenal as a bedside book. Such a taste is as uncommon as one for eating garlic unmodified. Yet there are books, the large part of which, and all the most potent purpose, are satiric, for which many of us would abandon sweeter and less acerb volumes:—get a taste in youth for what Kipling called "those heady little books," the novels of Thomas Love Peacock, and much contemporary stuff seems simpering or heavily arch. And how the touch of satire makes tolerable for us a good deal of George Eliot's fiction, while by its judicious admixture William Beckford, in "Vathek," wrote the only story of Gothic horror that can still be easily enjoyed.

For certain of his selections in this anthology Dr. Johnson deserves great praise. It is good to see Lucian, Samuel Butler ("Hudibras"), Voltaire, and Dickens so well represented, and while I would have liked much more of Thomas Hardy and A. P. Herbert, I know only too well some editors would have forgotten them altogether. I wish, however, Dr. Johnson had made clearer what were his limits of selection. One mustn't blame an author for the publishers' blurb which states that this treasury includes "the world's greatest satirists, comic and tragic, from antiquity to the present day." It includes selections from some great satirists; but there are startling omissions. One of the greatest satirists who ever wrote is not even named by Dr. Johnson in the rather voluminous and inconsequent essays which take up far too much space: there is nothing about Erasmus. To leave out "The Colloquies" and "In Praise of Folly" is less pardonable, if one wishes to give the reader a view of culture in terms of satire, than to leave out Erasmus's little disciple, Anatole France. Another inexplicable slip is to have no John Skelton, a lively and vigorous satirist, and no Thomas Nashe, the first and still one of the fiercest masters of prose satire in English.

Also in an American book I lament the very poor representation of American authors. I could have dispensed with those fabulous and poorly facetious pair "Ilf" and "Petrov" for some straight, lively American satire. Does no one read Lowell's "Biglow Papers" any longer? Or "A Fable for Critics"? Is the "Spoon-River Anthology" forgotten or despised? Does nobody en-

joy Vachel Lindsay's "Golden Whales of California"? Where, I ask in perplexity, is Ambrose Bierce and where, oh! where is *Mr. Dooley?* (He does get a reference). Greatly as his reputation has been overblown, surely some James Branch Cabell deserved a couple of pages? And two other names would demand inclusion even were the authors' books less brilliant than they are. One of the chief aims of satire has always been to attack political, religious, and social abuses, humbugs, and pretensions. In this century two men have done that with a wit and lethal effectiveness and an honesty that put them, different as they are, only below masters; Charles Erskine Scott Wood and H. L. Mencken. Colonel Wood's "Earthly" and "Heavenly Discourses" are not mentioned; and Mr. Mencken is rather slightingly referred to on three occasions. One modern English author, who is also a master of political satire, should also have been included. Dr. Johnson gives a long selection from Chesterton's "Manalive" but he has nothing from the prose and verse of Hilaire Belloc—and some of the prose could be printed beside Swift's.

To be quite frank I sometimes, in studying Dr. Johnson's selections, and in reading his notes on the authors, had the uneasy suspicion that the dreadful habit of reading only "the set books" had spread from the students to the faculties of universities. Dr. Johnson is writing about satires and satirists; but too often he writes of a man who wrote some satires as if that represented the whole man and all his achievements. Since I first read John Donne, nearly half-a-century ago, I have read a great deal of nonsense about him; but I have never read greater nonsense than Dr. Johnson's two pages. To begin with he assumes that the early poems attacking women are personal and not dramatic; then he talks of Donne's "hatred of women," "a struggle between cynicism and ideal desire," and a lot more such skimble-skamble stuff, as if John Donne had never met Ann, never written "The Extasie," had not been, by all the evidence, a great lover of one woman, a poet to be named with William Blake. Nor can it be held, for a moment, when we remember the outbursts in "King Lear" and in "Hamlet" that Donne started anything new in the cynical poems about women.

Again in his note on Max Beerbohm. Dr. Johnson compares him to Anatole France.

> The great French writer is concerned with the eternal verities, Beerbohm with the truths of today. France is sometimes more flippant on the surface, it is he who is serious and Beerbohm who is flippant.

This passage would, to my mind, make more sense if one read France wherever Beerbohm comes and Beerbohm for France. Anatole France writes commonly of far more solemn —not more serious—things than Max Beerbohm; but his profound triviality is so clear that, even in his lifetime, French critics began to resent him for precisely that reason. Max Beerbohm is essentially simple, and in one book, "The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill," he wrote a warning to our world as startling as the louder-voiced trumpetings of his friend G. K. Chesterton. And what finally can one say of a critic who in an essay on Chesterton writes that paradox "his great gift, became his vice. With the years it grew into an obsession built on a mechanical formula"; now this is true of a certain period of Chesterton's writing, but Dr. Johnson leaves the awkward impression that it was a final phase. This is to me quite unintelligible unless the "R. L. Stevenson," "St. Francis of Assisi," "St. Thomas Aquinas," and "The Everlasting Man" are not among the Faculty's "set books" and so have never been read.

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Consultants to the Unhappy

WHERE DO PEOPLE TAKE THEIR TROUBLES? By Lee R. Steiner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 256 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

IN Chaucer's time all a seller of indulgences needed was a bag to hold his sheepbone. Nowadays he needs even less equipment: a sign with the single word PSYCHOLOGIST will do the trick. The rabble of soulsoothers has moved from the fringe of theology, where it lingered in the centuries when religion healed the heart as well as the conscience, to the hem of the new and shining garment which psychology, psychiatry, and psychoanalysis have fashioned for themselves. The gentlemen of these professions, and the ladies, do not like this natural parasite, and as once the abbots cried to the Pope, so now they call with a loud voice to Uncle Sam, seeking surcease from the shadow of their sins.

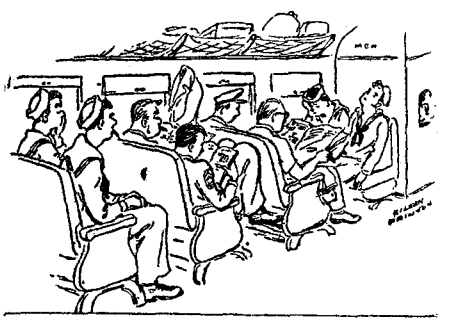
Mrs. Steiner, who is a psychologist, states the case for herself and her colleagues. They went to college and took courses in psychology; they learned to give IQ tests; they did field work with unhappy people. They are honest; they want to help people. Therefore, says Mrs. Steiner, they and they alone should be allowed to set up shop as consultants to the unhappy; all others should be legally barred from this ancient and difficult therapy.

Since, as Thoreau said, "most people lead lives of quiet desperation," it is obvious that Mrs. Steiner and her fellow artists of the inhibition are attempting to rope off a large and lucrative field for themselves. They are, in fact, setting forth the proposition that they be put in charge of human destiny, since man's struggles with the world are, so far as we know, the actions which shape his soul. What are their qualifications for this awesome task?

Almost none, if the evidence of this volume is to be cited. Mrs. Steiner expends her entire 256 pages shooting dead Indians. She begins by relating her investigation of certain "Consulting Psychologists" who had not been to a bona fide institution of learning, but points out that many of the people who engaged them seemed satisfied with the results. The lack of proper college training is what irks Mrs. Steiner most; a psychologist does not need a license; therefore she, Mrs. Steiner, is beset by unfair competition. Is she a better practitioner than they? She says she is. Why? She gives no proof except that she went to college.

Had she given proof of her skill; had she deliberately taken cases treated by the mail-order experts and treated them herself, giving details of the methods and results in the opposing techniques, she might have made her case clear and won it. Surely her opposition was poor. It is the same pseudo-mental therapy that has been going on since the founding of the first village; it has as long and as dishonorable a history as have law and prostitution.

But like law and prostitution it has its being in a basic and genuine human dilemma. When there were only two people in the world, one told his troubles to the other. There are people to-



day who do nothing but listen to other people's troubles, for a fee. Can such a therapy be supervised, licensed, and run by a bureaucracy? Would a bartender, in that case, have to be properly licensed before he could listen to the domestic troubles of his clients?

Mrs. Steiner's sincerity and intentions are not in question. She means well, for herself and for everybody. But in this book she reduces her case almost to absurdity. Following the attack on psychologists who haven't been to college she reels off chapter after chapter in which faith healers, swamis, hypnotists, palmists, astrologers, etc., are exposed. She gives evidence against the radio consultants in human relations, Mr. Anthony and Mr. Alexander. She takes a cut at the Lonely Hearts clubs. She sideswipes the minor religious sects. The fact that she personally looked into all of these people and projects, often operating in disguise, is superficially impressive. To a student of such matters, however, it is obvious that she merely took a quick fling around the circuit, hitting the high spots, bothering only to convince her already convinced self, and making no attempt to discover whether the people who were thriving under those therapies were or were not *fitted* for that type of help. She did not add any new names to the list: the old ones were good enough for her.

The fact of this large matter is that psychology is in the same state of evolution which chemistry occupied when it was called alchemy. Mrs. Steiner, for instance, stakes her all on the scientific approach. Today science is spiritual. Twenty-three years ago J. Arthur Thomson wrote, "Einstein's theory shows us that there is something in the nature of all ultimate entity in the universe." In Tokyo General MacArthur said of the future, "The problem basically is theological and involves a spiritual recrudescence. . . ."

Says Mrs. Steiner: "To the psychologist there are no sins. Behavior is either constructive to the integration of the personality or destructive—it either builds up or tears down." Builds up for what? For material satisfaction? For mental and emotional inertia? If man had not been troubled millions of years ago he would still be living in caves. If he is not troubled now, and does not remain troubled, he will soon be back in the *caves*. Psychology must find a destiny for us beyond that of being "normal people" or it will do us no more service than the gypsy who finds happiness in the tea leaves. Normal people invented the atomic bomb and dropped it on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Shouldn't we be a little abnormal now, in the direction, as General MacArthur said, of the spirit?

The Argument

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

HE who has never made his argument
Alone against the arch-debater Death,
Can never know the utter, sweet content
The victor savors as he feels his breath
Warm on his hand pressed to the open mouth,
As one who holds a treasure close and tight,
While the quick mind strides from the north to south
And builds a barricade against his fright.
Yet he who has come close enough to know
The voice of death, the syllables he speaks,
Will make no sign; no special mark will show
The knowledge that would blanch the rosiest cheeks.
There is one sign that you may know him by . . .
He draws his breath deep, deep, as though to drink the sky!

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Proving-Ground of a World War

SMOULDERING FREEDOM. By Isabel de Palencia. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., Inc. 1945. 247 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by IONE ROBINSON

AMERICANS inspired by the valiant, brave people of the Spanish Republic will find Isabel de Palencia's book disturbing and painful reading, for the forces that defeated the Republic of Spain are, after six years of a worldwide war, still able to carry on in Spain. For those who have remained aloof from the "Spanish problem," this volume may be regarded as "propaganda"; each page is crowded with incidents that slowly unfold the record of the long-suffering struggle of a people who fought and are still fighting for their Republic.

Unfortunately, as long as Franco and his breed remain in Spain, no one can justly regard "Smouldering Freedom" as a book of propaganda. It is the first complete factual record of the Spanish Republic, from the day civil war broke out (July 18, 1936) up to the present —a long period of time that has brought no V-Day for Spain.

Isabel de Palencia was minister plenipotentiary of Republican Spain in Sweden. It was there she received the tragic news that the Republic had been destroyed by Franco and his German-Italian allies:

> Not even the bombardments, with their thousands of innocent victims, nor the evacuation of cities like that of my own home town, Malaga, when the people, fleeing along the roads, had been strafed from the air by German bombers and shelled from the sea by Italian warships; not even the stories of devasting hunger and cold from Madrid, nor the lists of brave young lives mowed down by a traitor's forces, nor the photographs of destroyed towns and villages, nor those of the large fields of graves of the heroic members of the International Brigades whose ashes, mingled with those of our patriots, will rest forever under Spanish skies, went as deep and hurt more terribly than the news of the flight of my defeated people from the land of their birth.

Those who witnessed the fate of the Spanish Republicans in France during the Spring and Summer of 1939 have memories more terrible than their recollection of the "actual war" in Spain. France did not open her arms to the fleeing Republicans. Instead she placed them behind barbed-wire in dismal concentration camps constructed overnight on the sands of the Mediterranean, and guarded by Senegalese troops and the Guard Mobile. For such Spaniards as managed to escape these concentration camps, life was a long nightmare as they evaded attempts of the government officials. Palencia states that a Basque beret, poor clothing, and a dejected appearance were sufficient grounds for suspicion.

Yet when the battle for France began in the summer of 1944, it was largely through the help of the Spanish Republicans that the French Maquis were able to carry on as an effective force in the liberation of their country. Palencia tells how the town of Toulouse was liberated entirely by Spanish Maquis—and how recently Franco offered De Gaulle his help in doing away with the Spanish Republican Maquis in France.

The chapters dealing with the fate of the people who managed to migrate to Mexico and other Latin American countries are important, because they reveal what kind of people General Franco and the Falange drove out of Spain. Brilliant doctors, scientists, professors, and artists have continued to uphold the real tradition of their country in exile.

Ione Robinson herself snapped this photograph, in 1939, at Campo de Concentration, Barcaras, France.

From a drawing, made by Ione Robinson, of a soldier of the Spanish Republic.

Palencia has movingly dedicated her book to Mexico, which has been, since the beginning of the rebellion in Spain, the loyal and devoted friend of the Republic. Mexico has never recognized Franco's regime, and now as this long struggle against fascism in Spain is reaching its final stage, has thrown open the doors of her own Parliament for a meeting of the Republican Cortes, the first since the remnants of the Republican army fled into France with their women and children.

Franco's plan to engineer a restoration of a monarchy in Spain will only prolong the tragic fate of the Spanish people. As Palencia says, the monarchy was overthrown by a peaceful expression of public opinion, without a bloody revolution; if during the time of the Republic there had ever been a change in public opinion, the monarchy could have been restored through an independent plebiscite. She points out that the present pretender, Prince Juan, has already stained his record as an accomplice of Franco during the civil war, and if he should be juggled back onto the throne of Spain, as a part of Franco's old claim that he is saving Spain from the communists, the people will again rise in arms.

The reader will deplore the absence of a fuller record of Isabel de Palencia's own personal experiences and reactions in "Smouldering Freedom," even while paying her a tribute of admiration for laying aside personal feelings in order to give a clear picture of the struggle for Spanish freedom against the forces that set out to destroy man's liberty throughout the world.

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Strictly Personal

QUOTE 'EM IS TABOO

I DO not know whether the readers of *The Saturday Review* have ever seen that great natural sight, An Error Creeping into a Text, but if they have been attentive during the past twenty years they must have seen the comparable feat of a Page Creeping into a Book. I refer to the page marked "Acknowledgments," which is now found in almost all works except fiction and which lists the author's debt to publishers for quotations.

The casual reader may suppose that such a page is a sign of proper feeling. He does not know what agony has been mixed with the substance of that uninviting block of print. He cannot guess its subversive implications; and so I must tell him.

When a book is done—a work of scholarship, it may be, or of polemic, or of popularization—the writer heaves a sigh, limbers up his joints, and counts the days of respite—three weeks or a month in normal times—before he must brace himself again for reading proof. But this breathing spell is broken into almost at once by a letter from his publishers asking him to obtain his Permissions; permissions, that is, for the words he has borrowed from contemporary authors. Say the book is 300 pages in length and numbers thirty such quotations. One in every ten pages does not seem an excessive reliance on the work of others. The man who quotes is not a drone, and he has paid his fellows tribute by naming them in the text or in footnotes. But he is apparently a sinner none the less, and he must climb his purgatory.

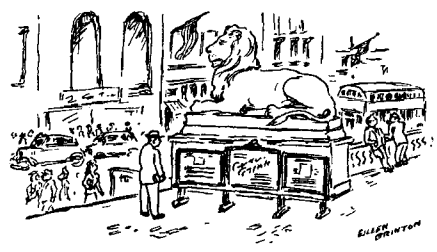
First he must look up the names and addresses of the firms that publish what he has used; then he must copy out again his thirty quotations, and wrap up each in a separate letter addressed to the appropriate Permissions Editor: ninety cents postage and a good day's work *plus* trouble to come.

But why, you will interrupt, cannot the man's publishers act for him? It isn't done. The story is that if an author asks, he is given the right. If a publisher asked, he might have to pay for it. This is known as *esprit de corps*. Again you will wonder why there aren't printed forms for the purpose. Horrors! No author can hope for a civil answer to a printed form. The author is the human personality personified and he must never give a hint that publishing is a mere business. Never!—even though in reply to his personal letter certain publishers will send him a printed sheet the size of a bedspread, filled with questions about the motives behind his wishing to quote.

I do not want to exaggerate: it *is* true that a few publishers say, "Yes, go ahead and quote." Among those few some manage to say, "We're delighted you want to use a passage from our Mr. Blankinsop." But the rest variously throw up hurdles—everything from a kind of "H'm, we'll see after we've talked to the F.B.I." to a bland denial that there is or was such a book as the one cited.

What is even worse is the prim washing of hands: "We did originally publish 'Never Again,' but copyright has been transferred to Scandal House Inc." Our author writes to Scandal House. In a week comes the reply, "When Mr. Doolittle came to us, he elected to keep control over copyright and permissions in his own hands. You should address him at Shakedown Cottage, Provincetown, Mass." Out goes another letter re-re-requoting the now hateful passage from "Never Again." The envelope comes back stamped: Addressee Unknown. Then begins the telephone hunt among literary friends, "Where the devil is Doolittle spending the summer? What's his permanent address?" "Who's Who" doesn't help because he hasn't a permanent address, a precaution equally worthy of praise and cursing. Finally, a last random shot hits the mark—word from *Mrs.* Doolittle: "Of course John is willing to have you quote him. Let us know when the new book is out." This is so kind, so far beyond abandoned hope, that it calls for a reply and the postage bill passes the $2.00 mark.

If the quoted authors are English, the business is not only lengthened in time but complicated by international misunderstanding. G. B. Shaw's secretary replies half petulantly: "[You fool] you are entitled to 150 words *without* permission." Tell that to *our* marines; they want a letter in their files showing that the American writer did ask anyway. They want a document, were it only the musings, scribbled on the back of a menu, of a man who once ran a quarterly into the ground: "Are you sure we published an article by Cecil Syringe? I have no recollection of it, and if we did I haven't an idea in whom copyright is vested. I rather doubt whether *he* would know. Faithfully yours. . . ."



Time is passing; galley proofs are pouring in; copy for the Acknowledgments Page is overdue. But not all the returns are in—and besides, the proper wording of that page remains a puzzle. For certain firms insist on a set formula of their own: "The lines from Rufus Brown's 'White Heat' are quoted by special arrangement with and permission of Tetanus, Spohr, and Company, New York, London, Toronto, and Melbourne." Men of sense armed with courage will disregard this special notation whose wording jibes with none of the others and makes straight listing impossible. What will happen then? —Nothing.

Nothing. Which brings me at last to the question burning in the reader's mind: "Why this maddening Oriental punctilio about a few hundred words in quotation marks?" The official answer is that it is all for the author's good, that it strengthens the owner of copyright matter in his control over its use. "Suppose," a publisher once plausibly said to me, "that you are an unscrupulous hack. You want to enliven your work by using whole pages from better men. You take an essay by E. B. White, put quotation marks around it, and there you are. What's to stop you, unless there is an agreement among reputable publishers to require permissions all around?"

Having just snared the last of my Thirty Letters, I could only mumble, "I see." But my proper answer should have been, "Suppose I bring you a manuscript full of stolen plums; why should you—or any other publisher—publish it? Protect yourselves at first hand by using your judgment instead of my clerical ability."

That would mean really reading the book. Quotations being for a purpose, the purpose declares itself in the context and in no other way. If I write about the drama, I may quote three pages from Shaw and be no plagiarist. If I quote for ornament, I should be brief. And if I begin, "As Churchill aptly says . . ." following it up with his Collected Speeches, I should be jailed. Makers of anthologies, plainly, must ask and pay for the privilege of reprinting copyrighted work. In any

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given instance, the law's reasonable man can tell what is going on. If the law avers that it cannot, then "the law is a ass." (By permission of Charles Dickens's heirs and assigns.)

Whatever its origin or dim purpose, this new legalism is not entirely a joke, and I am not protesting merely against the nuisance and waste of time. I am even willing to overlook the sense of Might-with-Right which a Permissions Department must give to unhappy publishers in their tribal war against authors. But from the point of view of general culture I see some serious consequences and, chiefly, a hindrance to the circulation of ideas in their best form. If each living quotation entails so much work, the intending user will ask himself, is it worth it? and cut down his thirty to ten.

But that is not all. The establishing of Acknowledgments in our books is but another sign of our modern smoothiness based on false feeling and false human relations. The false feeling is the inflation of gratefulness on a trivial pretext; the false relation is the setting up of the middleman above the thing in which he meddles. Not that I reprove gratitude nor urge a return to literary piracy. On the contrary, I feel very strongly that cultural debts come first among debts of honor. But as a writer my thanks properly go to other writers and not to "owners of copyright." When I name the maker of a fine phrase, I am not "paying him for his trouble"; I am only voicing my pleasure and loyally indicating its source. If that is so, I see no reason to advertise his publisher into the bargain. True, the publisher indirectly helped me to come across the phrase, but then he took his reward in cash. And if I am bound to thank him besides, where does the obligation stop? The printer, the proofreader, the office boy—all were indispensable, too.

That this modern sentimentality is not the simple result of the legal mind at work can be seen in the effusions of love which nowadays adorn every kind of printed thing. Reproductions of great art, for instance, do not come to us from the pencil of Leonardo, but "owing to the great kindness and unfailing courtesy of Miss Belladonna Jones, Curator of the Something-or-Other Museum." Is it because she is normally rude that we fall on our knees when her courtesy holds out? Or does she own the paintings more possessively than do the trustees of the museum or the city fathers?

To be sure, librarians, curators, and publishers can sometimes become the author's real colleagues and friends. I have been so lucky in this regard that I can speak quite impersonally of that other, artificial lather of gratitude. It is precisely to distinguish the two that words should be used with care. Otherwise the currency of thanks will become worthless, like the old-time dedications to lords and princes. And the result is not hard to foresee: first we misdirect public attention and then we debase the instinct of appreciation. There is already a pretty general temptation to consider the conductor more important than the composer, the cellophane more desirable than the goods, the sun tan more appealing than the face. When this cosmetic attitude affects art, it is time to overhaul our verbal habits. There is, after all, nothing hidden or difficult about a right judgment in the matter. What we want to know under a picture is who made it and where it may be seen. In books we want to know who said that true thing so brightly and in what work. Scholarship may require a more exact assignment of time and place, but even scholarship can be cluttered up with needless kissing of hands to literary executors and keepers of air-conditioned manuscripts.

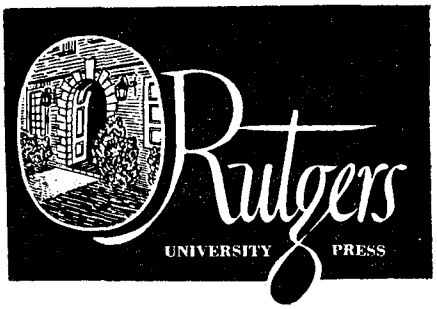
A hint from the past can help to keep us straight: we should never have had Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" if he had had to ask for Permissions; and Lamb, who thoughtfully pillaged him, would probably be blacklisted by our best publishers. Obviously Montaigne, who said: "I have gathered a nosegay of other men's flowers and only the thread that binds them is my own" was just that "unscrupulous hack" imagined by my legal friend. As for Sir Thomas Browne and the author of "Moby Dick," they would still be unpublished: the answers to their letters would not yet be in.

JACQUES BARZUN.

Grow Old Along with Me

By Ben Ray Redman

ARTHRITIC, toothless, full of years:
This is the last for which the first was made,
This is the best that was to be.
Some lies there are too deep for tears,
And Robert Browning's "Ezra," I'm afraid,
Is man's supreme mendacity.
If age be best, in sober truth,
I'll take the second-best of youth.



"The bride came in her undies..."

SHE WASN'T PLAYING Lady Godiva; she was, indeed, a respectable widow. Nor was she at all under the spell of that good Jersey applejack, otherwise known as "Mother's ruin", even though her spectacular wedding march did take place in that ruggedly individual part of New Jersey which Henry Beck describes in his story of the Mullica River, JERSEY GENESIS[1] As a matter of fact, the performance proved the lady to be rather astute. By coming to her new husband bearing no worldly goods save what was necessary to avoid loose talk in the neighborhood, she protected him from being sued for any debts incurred by his predecessor.

The people of the Mullica are like that. We may laugh our heads off at their quaint, folklorish way of life; but not for long. And if we listen intently we may hear a few restrained Mullica chuckles (their politeness to boorish strangers is astounding) directed our way. For they have what they want, and we do not.

The point is, the people of the Mullica are "primitive" by choice. Their life could be as time-clock- and telephone-ridden as ours. There was a time when their countryside was as advanced as any in the East. But these are a people who see no reason for putting up with the latest modern inconveniences when they don't want to. They have reduced suffering to a minimum by going back to a simple life. They do not escape from reality; they retreat back to it.

ON THE OTHER HAND, there are people who live primitively for reasons beyond their control. Unlike the Mullica folk, they need help. Yet the solution of their often tragic problems can have its humorous aspects. After World War I, the people described in COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA[2] were in desperate need. The Americans who went over to help them found that the greatest problem was sanitation, and soon the symbol of modern progress in Macedonia became the privy. At that very time, the great American bestseller was Chic Sale's *The Specialist*, which dealt with somewhat the same subject. Thus did the humble privy have its brief hour of glory on both sides of the Atlantic.

But unfortunate people like the Macedonians just aren't funny. For smiles, we can always fall back on the Mullica and old Mrs. Little who prevents colds by sticking both feet through a hole in the river ice. Her procedure would be hilarious if it weren't so effective. She hasn't had a cold yet.

With the sniffle season coming on, we're tempted to look up an ice pond for ourselves.

1. **JERSEY GENESIS**
By Henry Charlton Beck, $3.50
2. **COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA**
By Harold B. Allen, $3.00

At all bookstores
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Brunswick, N. J.

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KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK

A RECENT editorial page of the *Herald Tribune* praises the work of the American Library in Paris, urges the State Department not to weaken the valuable information services which the O.W.I. has established abroad, and congratulates college professors upon their memorable contributions to the war effort. Librarians should be congratulated also for their services, and particularly the heads of the Information Libraries established by the O.W.I. in many important cities abroad. This is a new kind of effort in war time, which is also a most valuable means of useful understanding among countries who must coöperate intelligently if we are to have a good peace.

Take, for example, the so-called United States Information Libraries established by the O.W.I. in Melbourne and Sydney in Australia (both cities of over a million inhabitants), and in Wellington, the capital of New Zealand.

As the *Herald Tribune* says, it is merely naive to suppose that foreigners know what they need to know about the United States, or can readily find out. They know what they are told, and chiefly from magazines, newspaper reporting, or outright propaganda, and the opinions and information gathered by those who wish to know for reasons of business, diplomacy, or education is too often spotty, biased, and inspires little confidence or respect.

The object of these Information Libraries, which Secretary Byrnes has already proposed should be continued and extended so as to correct a situation which every American resident or traveller abroad knows to have been deplorable, is to make the best information easily available. A typical French provincial newspaper would publish, for example, as its weekly news of America, one murder, one automobile accident, one Supreme Court decision of revolutionary importance and completely uninterpreted, all given the same number of lines of print. Austrian, German, Scandinavian, Italian papers and periodicals were full of well-meaning editorial comment, completely misleading because the authors themselves did not understand the implications of the news which they discussed.

It was and is the purpose of the O.W.I. Information Libraries not to force knowledge of our country in a propaganda fashion, but to make it accessible. The Library in Melbourne, for example, is on one of the main streets of the metropolis, with a window display, at the sidewalk level, of American books and pictures relevant to whatever happens to be in the news. Inside is a pleasant well-lighted library, with tables and chairs, the walls lined with a careful classification of important books in all fields published in recent years, with the best reference books of every kind, and some background books of literary or historical importance. Below is a newspaper and periodical room. A trained reference librarian is in charge with five or six assistants, and both searchers and browsers are guided to what they want, then left alone to read or work, or permitted to take books home for study. Seldom less than forty or fifty are reading or studying there at any time. An observer one morning noted a member of the Australian Supreme Court, an ex-Governor-General, an American Colonel, a member of the government at Canberra, a distinguished Melbourne surgeon, four Australian airmen on leave, and three sailors, a dozen students from the university, two executives of a labor union, the head of the General Motors Agency, eight or ten curious citizens unidentified, plus a number of youngsters evidently from the schools.

The news of President Roosevelt's death came to Melbourne about eight to nine on a Friday morning. By ten, the shutters were beginning to close on all the chief shops of the thoroughfare, and flags at half mast broke out everywhere. Every newspaper in that part of Australia began to telephone the Information Library. What was the procedure of installing a successor? Who would be *his* successor in case of Mr. Truman's death? What effect constitutionally might this tragedy have upon American policy? What *was* the relation of the Chief Executive to Congress? Where had Mr. Truman stood in his political activities? What was he like? The result was the best and most accurate and most thoroughly informed newspaper coverage of a world-important event in another country that Americans then resident in Australia had ever seen.

Nor is this all that must be credited to the services of the librarians in these war years. The admirable technique and practice of librarianship, developed in this country far beyond anywhere else in the world, and put to work in these Information Libraries, have already profoundly stimulated and influenced library work and growth in both Australia and New Zealand which, like all democracies, are dependent upon the education of their communities for governmental progress.

At the moment, Australia and New Zealand are turning with hope and intense interest to the United States as a fellow occupant of the great Pacific Basin whose history in the next fifty years is likely to be of the same outstanding, and perhaps dominant, importance as was the history of the Atlantic Basin in the nineteenth century. They have much to offer us. But that they are turning gladly and with confidence toward us for leadership, where they need leadership, is because of two facts, one major, one minor, but by no means to be discounted. American ships and armies saved both countries from an almost inevitable devastation in the bad years of the war. And the three Information Libraries mentioned above have enabled the right people at the right time to learn for themselves, from books and not from propaganda, what America was, is, had, could offer, what we were thinking, and how we felt. They and all such institutions should be a part of our permanent foreign policy. **H. S. C.**

Advice for Those Long Overseas

By Sgt. James E. Warren, Jr.

LIE dreaming on the Leyte grass
How winds shake white the Georgia bough.
(Last night our moon was lovely as
The moon on Okinawa now).

Stare at the conquered town. Be lonely
For distant lips and throat. (I swear
Love is not lost in Koblenz only.
Ten thousand lie as lonely here).

And, praising passion, take delight
In both the bloom and storm unfurled.
Pursue down the impartial night
The Grief and Beauty of the world—

Two lovers you may always seek.
Oh, make them yours this darkness through,
The heart to heart, the cheek to cheek
As lovers do, as lovers do.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dissenting with Mr. Gruin

SIR: It seems to me about time that some word of protest, if it can be allowed in print, ought to be expressed over reviews such as that of Frederick Gruin consisting merely of a series of choric insinuations of his dislike of the trenchant realism of William Henry Chamberlin's examination of the recent history and policies of Soviet Russia in his "America: Partner in World Rule." Certainly, your practice of dishing out books to such reviewers whose attitude you know in advance will denigrate any attempt to open the windows on this totalitarian state makes quite futile your high-flown editorials on how "Hence forward, it will be every man's business to inform himself of what can happen" irrespective of his desires and so on.

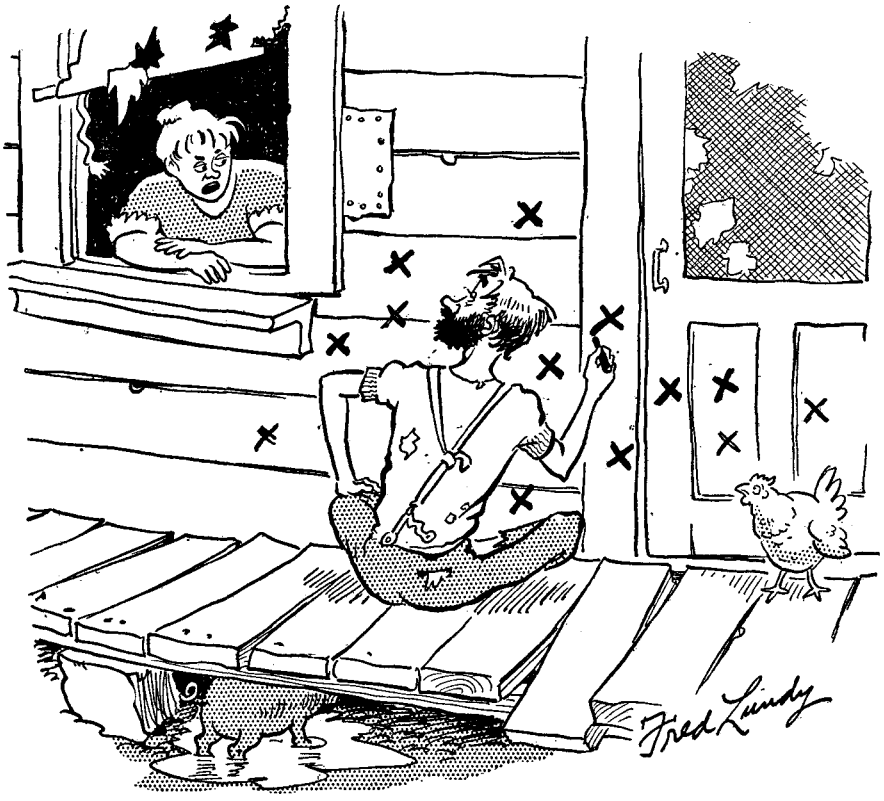
Surely, a major phenomenon of this era is the infection of so many so-called intellectuals by the very essence of totalitarianism in its efforts to crush all reason, logic, and common sense should they be applied to Stalin exactly as they were to Hitler. Mr. Gruin, while deprecatingly quoting the powerful factual summaries of Mr. Chamberlin, just nowhere proposes any answer to them. What he does is to beg the question. He asks, not whether the greatest mass deportations in history of peoples from their homes and lands without any reëmbursement makes a mockery of our professed passion for international justice and establishment of future peace, but whether Mr. Chamberlin is "advocating a war against Russia? Or a stoppage of lend-lease? [President Truman apparently disagreeing with Mr. Gruin]." When Mr. Gruin does add, "Perhaps, these questions are unfair," he might have realized that the isolationists asked similar questions to side-step the unwelcome facts.

The rhetorical trick of such sentences as "No tolerant person can fail to sympathize with his [Mr. Chamberlin's] horror of brutal intolerance" we all learned at school from Marc Antony and know how they will be immediately followed by the real ulterior attitude. And sure enough, Mr. Gruin follows the pattern, for he at once tells us that "Some, like Max Lerner, have audibly wondered over the 'irresponsibility' of the anti-Russian school." Of course, the Lerners "wonder" and do more than wonder, for with them if you are not for concentration camps in Russia, for all exclusion of any sight of them, or for the Stalin refusal to let in even observers to oversee the United Nations Relief, you are *ipso facto* anti-Russian and irresponsible, and now notoriously with these great minds, if you are not in favor of Stalin totalitarianism, you are indubitably a fascist.

This party line comes to us in news dispatches from all over Europe and is merely echoed from the disciples here, but my point is that it is wholly inappropriate in a review of literature, especially if your editorials are to have any functional value and are not to be guilty of the same sophistries from a determination that this ideology must subjectivize even book reviews, the Four Freedoms notwithstanding.

EDWARD KENNEDY.

Toronto, Canada.



"Fer the last time, stop writin' yer name all over the place."

Dissenting with Mr. Inman

SIR: As a collaborator in the preparation of the "Handbook of International Organizations in the Americas," recently reviewed in the *SRL* by Samuel Guy Inman, I wish to point out certain matters which he evidently overlooked or misconstrued in writing his account.

In the first place there are not four hundred organizations in the book, but one hundred and nine. This is clearly pointed out in the Prefatory Note. The reviewer evidently counted all the entries in the Index of Organizations which includes, as the note at the head of the Index indicates, "Former names of organizations included in the Handbook, as well as inter-American organizations referred to throughout the text but not appearing as main entries." In counting four hundred organizations he no doubt counted many organizations twice since they appear not only under the first word of the name but also under their subject classification, *e.g.*, the "Inter-American Bar Association" is also entered as "Bar Association, Inter-American."

Mr. Inman also remarks that many organizations which should be included are missing, mentioning, as an example, the cultural institutes existing in most Latin American countries. The absence of these institutes was not an oversight. The decision to omit such organizations is pointed out on page x of the Prefatory Note. The chief reason for the omission was simply that if the cultural institutes had been included it would also have been appropriate to give space to social and commercial organizations. It was decided that the inclusion of the entire number of this type of institute would have taken up an inordinate amount of space of the book. This deficiency with respect to the cultural institutes will, however, be corrected in the Spanish edition of the Handbook which is in process of being written. In this edition it is planned to include a summary of the work of all the cultural societies.

The omission of the International Labor Office mentioned by Mr. Inman is also explained in the Prefatory Note in the following words: "Organizations originally located in Europe, which have been temporarily moved to American cities during the present war (as for example, the International Labor Office) have not been included in the Handbook in view of the fact that it cannot be predicted whether

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at the end of the war they will remain in America or return to their former headquarters."

Finally, Mr. Inman asks why such active organizations as the Committee on Coöperation in Latin America and the Committee on Cultural Relations in Latin America were left out. Again I refer to the Prefatory Note which sets out in some detail the criterion established to determine whether an organization was to have a place in the book. To be included, it was necessary, among other tests, that an organization have a membership which is international, representing two or more governments or the citizens of two or more countries. Unless I am mistaken neither of these Committees has an international membership.

The question which naturally arises in the compilation of a book of this type is whether every organization meeting the tests set has been included. The Endowment is thankful to Mr. Inman for the kind words he has spoken on the book as a whole. He would be doing us a great favor if he gave us a list of any organizations which we may have overlooked so that they may be included in the forthcoming Spanish edition.

I would very much appreciate it if you would forward this letter to Mr. Inman.

In closing, permit me to say that I have been a reader of the *SRL* for many years and have found it an excellent medium to keep up with the current publications in all fields.

WALTER H. ZEYDEL,
Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Washington, D. C.

Recall on a Review

SIR: May I be permitted to take up enough of your space to make an apology to Mr. Johannes Steel?

Reviewing his "The Future of Europe" for you not long ago, I took exception to Mr. Steel's somewhat breathless regard for the future. In that connection, as nearly as I can remember (I have no copy of that article handy), I went so unfortunately far as to refer to his remarks about the source of energy to be provided by the disintegration of the atom as reaching into the realm of the Sunday supplement school of literature.

I am now confounded. The disintegrating atom, although it was quite accurately describable as the darling of the Sunday supplements, has now emerged from them. It is no longer confined to the comic books and the "scientific" pulps. I wish it were.

I am happy to be able to do this much justice to Mr. Steel, who happens to be a friend of mine—or was; I haven't seen him since my review was printed. It gives me no pleasure to publish my dislike of books by writers I know personally, but I am in the sad predicament of possessing a New England conscience which, among other things, insists that a critic's first duty is to his readers. And I remain of the opinion, despite my discomfiture on this particular point, that in "The Future of Europe" Mr. Steel did not write a book as good as the book he might have written.

If he feels aggrieved at this, I can only inform him that I am having another book out shortly myself and he might arrange to review it.

WAVERLY ROOT.

Rockport, Mass.

"Modern Man Is Obsolete"

SIR: Congratulations on "Modern Man Is Obsolete"! I am a young reader, but this is in my estimation the most important piece of writing I have ever read in any periodical. Every one of us must show the bravery which you have shown in printing this brilliant editorial if we are to exist in this new world of ours.

I have tried to think how I could best spread your urgent message. If you can send me a hundred copies I shall see that every teacher in our school receives one with the recommendation that it be discussed in his classes.

BERNARD STONE.

Mt. Pleasant Public Schools
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

SIR: May I add my warm, if belated, appreciation of Mr. Cousins's remarkable editorial "Modern Man Is Obsolete"? It seemed to me to have said cogently and definitively all that need be said about the significance of the atomic bomb.

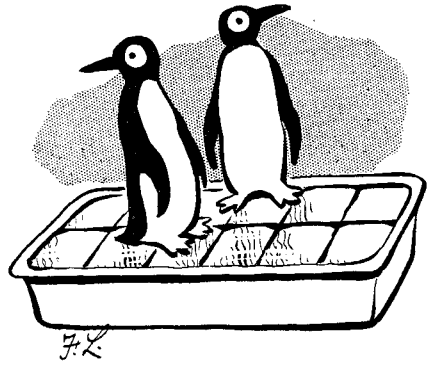
The rest is certainly up to us. As a librarian, I naturally think immediately in terms of getting as wide a circulation as possible for an editorial of this sort. Will it be possible to reprint this editorial?

Thank you for your consistently liberal and stimulating tone. It helps to keep me out of a mental rut (I hope).

ELEANOR PHINNEY.

Librarian, Hamden Library
Hamden, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A first printing of 35,000 abridged reprints of the editorial has been exhausted, but an additional order has been placed to accommodate the unfulfilled demand. These reprints will be available in quantity without charge.*



Adventures with *SRL*

SIR:

What tangled lives we do endure
When we subscribe to literature
In *SRL*. The magazine
Is good, but I have never seen
Such gay caprice as its arrival,
Nor can I hope for long survival
If its mail clerks' delirious ways
Continue to confuse my days.

A fortnight after it was due
July 28 came, dressed in blue.
I got the July 14th when
August 4th was due all men.
Silence followed, dull as dirt,
And I was feeling very hurt,
When suddenly I was blessed by heaven!
The mail man brought me August 11!

What happened meanwhile, I don't know—
Books may come and they may go
I don't know what is on the list
For panning, or to be sun-kissed.
I wrote the circulation man
And asked him: "Dear Sir, If you can
For God's sake pull yourself together,
You can't at least, quite blame the weather."

He wrote: "Dear Friend, Give me three weeks . . ."
And murmured on of mailing freaks.
I've waited now 'till I am gray;
But still I hope to see the day
When *The Review* will come on time.
Then life, indeed, will be sublime.

WANDA BEAMISH.

Harrisburg, Pa.

And Why Not?

SIR: In your issue of June 2, page 22, there is a book review by Phil Stong, in which the last paragraph of a story by Lester Cohen is sharply criticized, largely because it begins with "And" and "connects with absolutely nothing," which reminds me:

Once upon a time a lovely lady left the great and wicked city of New York and journeyed to the great and beautiful city of Sao Paulo. On the night of her arrival she paraded the streets in flamboyant raiment. The next morning she shoved a currency bill through a guichet at the National City Bank and inquired of the paying teller, "Is that five thousand reis?" "Yes Madam it is," replied the teller. "Give it to me in American money," said she and he gave her fifty-seven cents.

She stared at the coins and said:

"And I gave him his breakfast besides."

Perhaps both Mr. Cohen and the lady from New York had been taught in prep school that "and" may be so used in an "appended sentence for supplementary explanation or climactic emphasis," or maybe they were familiar with the King James Bible or the works of William Shakespeare or perhaps those of Geoffrey Chaucer—

And eke my wit suffiseth nat thereto,
To tellenal, wherefore my tale is do.

H. S. BARTHOLOMEW.

Harbor Beach, Michigan.

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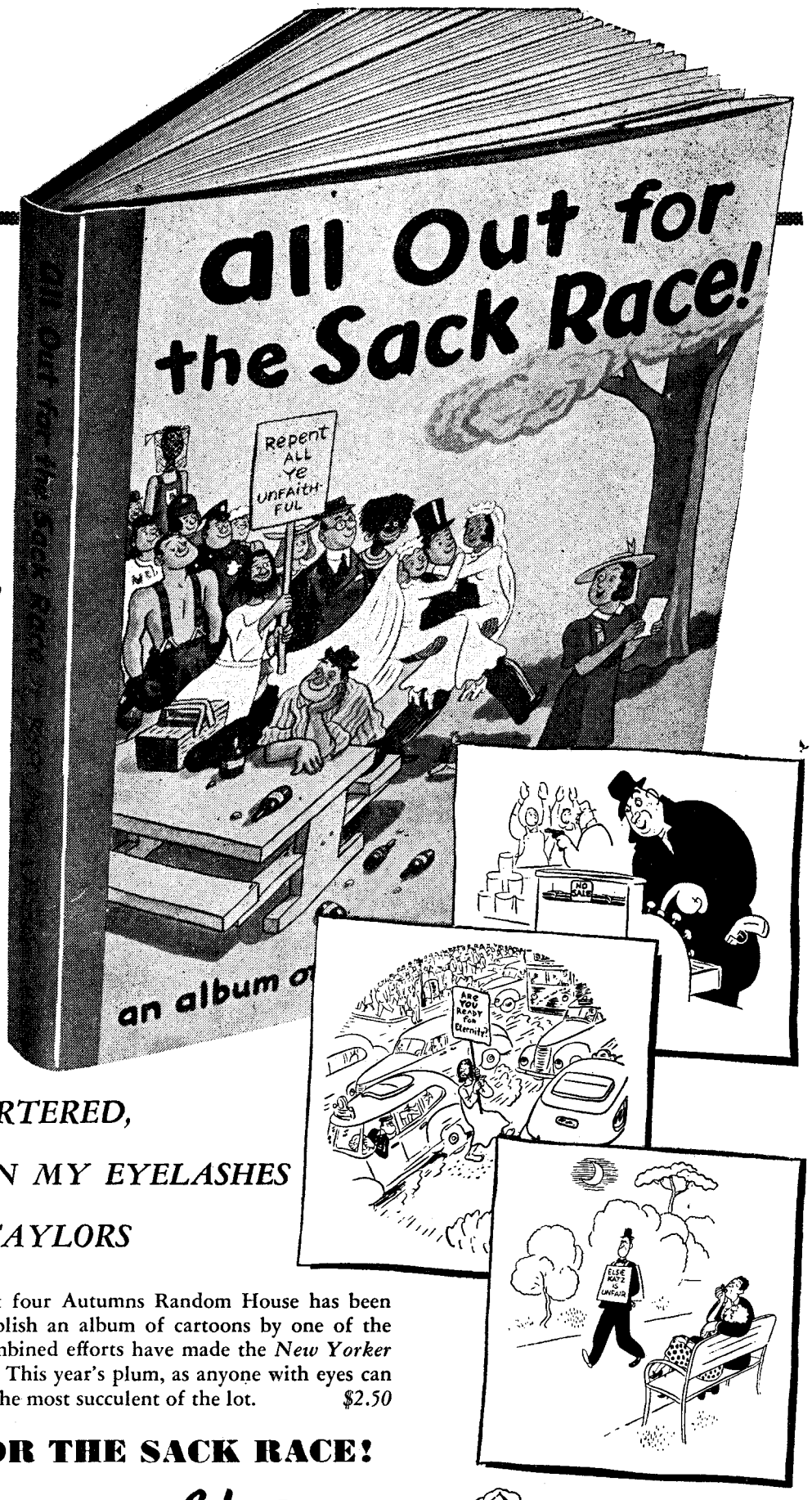
Another NEW YORKER cartoon album

in the famous tradition of

DRAWN AND QUARTERED,

YOU'RE SITTING ON MY EYELASHES

and THE BETTER TAYLORS



➡ For each of the past four Autumns Random House has been happily privileged to publish an album of cartoons by one of the inspired artists whose combined efforts have made the *New Yorker* unique among magazines. This year's plum, as anyone with eyes can see for himself, is one of the most succulent of the lot. *$2.50*

ALL OUT FOR THE SACK RACE!

AN ALBUM OF DRAWINGS BY Robt Day

RANDOM HOUSE
20 EAST 57 ST., NEW YORK 22
Publishers of the MODERN LIBRARY

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How dangerous is a book?

Americans who live in a free society and take its liberties for granted are shocked when someone says, "That book is dangerous. It should be suppressed." *They react to book bannings as they do to book burnings. We believe that the readers of this literate nation are not mental midgets and that they can cope with an opinion even if they do not agree with it.*

When an American publisher, therefore, receives a manuscript that outrages him with its alien point of view, but explains better than anything yet written what that point of view is and where it comes from, should he refuse to publish it because it might corrupt the minds of its readers? Should he assume that he, who values the book for its information, is more intelligent than other readers? That was the publishing dilemma when the manuscript of THE GERMAN TALKS BACK *was being considered in our offices.*

In the end, we decided to publish because it is important for the American public to read such a book now. The following sections from our preface explain why we think so, and what sort of criticism we have already encountered in making public a document which could be characterized as today's MEIN KAMPF.

THIS BOOK is not a document written in the spirit of fair play. Its author is not an historian or sociologist, with the detach-

just as no one German is completely typical of his entire people.

As publishers, we concluded that *The German*

are totally unwilling to accept our interpretation of themselves, of what is right, or of recent history. If this book helps to explain *that* to the American people, it will have been of information and service to them. If Mr. Hauser's bitter and angry words help us, as a nation, to avoid even a single mistake in dealing with conquered Germany, then the publication of his book will have been profoundly justified.

THE PROPAGANDIST-READERS' fear that *The German Talks Back* is likely to undermine Soviet-American relations is an objection to which our editors paid considerable attention. We do not believe that the propagandists are right. If the remarks of an almost fanatically patriotic German can exacerbate the Russians, their patience with Hitler would have been exhausted long before his became exhausted with them.

The issue, in the case of *The German Talks Back,* is a clear and simple one as it presents itself

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spirit of Prussia, which he believes has made Germany great and may yet again make her a world power—and hence a world danger. He writes bitterly and often impudently, but he is speaking his mind and his emotions with complete sincerity behind the impudence and flippancy of his style. Most essential of all, he is describing something that may well be of life-and-death importance to the American people. That something is the way the German people feel about the war just ended, about the United States, and, indeed, about the whole Western civilization of which Germany herself is a part.

When the author's manuscript was submitted to us for possible publication we read it with anger, revulsion from its central thesis, and a constant desire to talk back to its writer — emotions that the reader himself will feel in his turn. Nevertheless it appeared to us that *if* Mr. Hauser was talking for a substantial part of the German people, if what he had to say about how they view the world and the events of past and present history was an accurate statement, then and only then should we debate the final question of publication.

NO MANUSCRIPT in our recent publishing history has had more readings than this one had. We submitted it to historians of Germany, to sociologists, to experts on German affairs, and to patriotic propagandists in both official and unofficial positions. From all these readings two very different views emerged. The general readers, sociologists, and historians wanted to see the book in print. The professional propagandists did not.

Both groups agreed that there were other shades of opinion in Germany today besides Mr. Hauser's. But every reader with a competent background admitted that it was to a greater or less degree a valid statement. Obviously, no single book could hope to represent every shade and differentiation of the mind of a whole people, [illegible] Germany, though we recognized the necessity of including a preface from a careful and competent scholar of German history who should draw a line of demarcation between the generally admitted facts about Germany and the author's personal colorations of them. This task was generously undertaken by Hans J. Morgenthau of the University of Chicago.

WITH THE professional propagandists we found ourselves in sharp disagreement. Their reports made two points: First, that the book was likely to poison the minds of American readers, convert them to the author's view by reason of his own plausibility; and second, that the book would annoy our allies, the Russians, and in some way undermine relations between our two countries.

As American publishers, we are far from believing that the people of the United States are so gullible as to be seduced by any book into the abandonment of everything for which we fought the European war. Some years ago, similar doubts were expressed about the advisability of letting the American people read *Mein Kampf*. In the end, millions of Americans did read Hitler's book, and subsequent history has answered the fears of propagandists about the wisdom of giving us access to that poisonous document . . .

Freedom of speech does not mean merely the right of everyone who agrees with you to talk as much as he likes. It means the right of every person to talk freely, whether he agrees with you or not—even Germans, and even Japanese. Democracy can operate only if the minds of its citizens are free minds having access to all sides of the questions that are vital to its life. The German question concerns all of us deeply, and on that problem we have so far devoted most of our attention to speaking and reading about why the Germans are wrong. It is equally important to understand why they think they were right, and why a great many of them, possibly the majority, [illegible] sentative of Germany or the German people; or else he is a representative (if individual) German, telling us something that is important for us to know—and here his tone of voice is testimony as strong as his words themselves are. We believe that he is representative, and that his book is an angry but sincere effort to set forth certain things that he knows the German people consider true and important.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10

By HEINRICH HAUSER

With a preface by
HANS MORGENTHAU
Professor of Political Science
The University of Chicago

$2.50

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In Paris, weary G. I.'s, who thought that V-J Day spelled an end to their major worries, greeted with some trepidation the announcement that Gertrude Stein was writing a novel about them. Her statement: "Those boys are terribly worried, and I am terribly worried, and we are quite worried together." Her book, to be called "Brewsie and Willie," will clear up the whole situation, she indicates, in jigtime.

◆◆ In Santa Monica, Thomas Mann declared firmly that he has not the slightest intention of returning to his native Germany. "I am now a citizen of the United States," he told the press. "I am seventy. I have adjusted myself to life here, and here I mean to stay for the rest of my days. In Germany I doubt I would find many friends. Enemies—yes! And defeated enemies are the most dangerous."

◆◆ In New York, workers on Fortieth Street were startled by a noise that sounded like a buzz-bomb. It was Reynal and Hitchcock's brand-new icebox exploding.

◆◆ In London, the long-awaited English edition of "Forever Amber" finally appeared, did not exactly panic the literary critics. The review in the *Evening Standard* (written possibly by Noel Coward) characterizes it as "swoony with ill-defined sex, written in a style that rasps the nerves like a Brooklyn accent." Prediction: "Forever Amber" will top all English sales records for the next four months.

◆◆ In Hollywood, Sid Skolsky sings the praises of a writer who has perfected an infallible new system for approaching beautiful girls. He says, "I'm a stranger in town. Can you direct me to your house?"

◆◆ In Louisville, in front of the Wilderness Road Bookshop, a venerable gentleman from the hills was run over by the first automobile he had ever seen in his life. It appears that he didn't see it quite soon enough.

◆◆ In Pittsburgh, an Appleton salesman said, "I must have had one too many. That dame is beginning to look exactly like Sophie Tucker." It was.

◆◆ In Philadelphia, a matron stared in disbelief at a sign reading "The White Tower! Hot Dog!", declared "What a vulgar way to advertise a good novel. I certainly shall speak to Joe Lippincott about this!"

◆◆ In New York, Mary Roberts Rinehart finished her first full-length mystery in three years. It is called "The Yellow Room," and will be published October 25. How feeble most of the crime stories of today appear in comparison to "The Circular Staircase," "The Red Lamp," and "The Door"! Mrs. Rinehart had one annoying habit that I hope she's forgotten in her new novel: occasional asides that read like "Mr. Blank picked up a tiny object from the grass and put it in his pocket. Had we but recognized its significance, that object might have led us straight to our killer and prevented three more terrible crimes in the course of the following week."

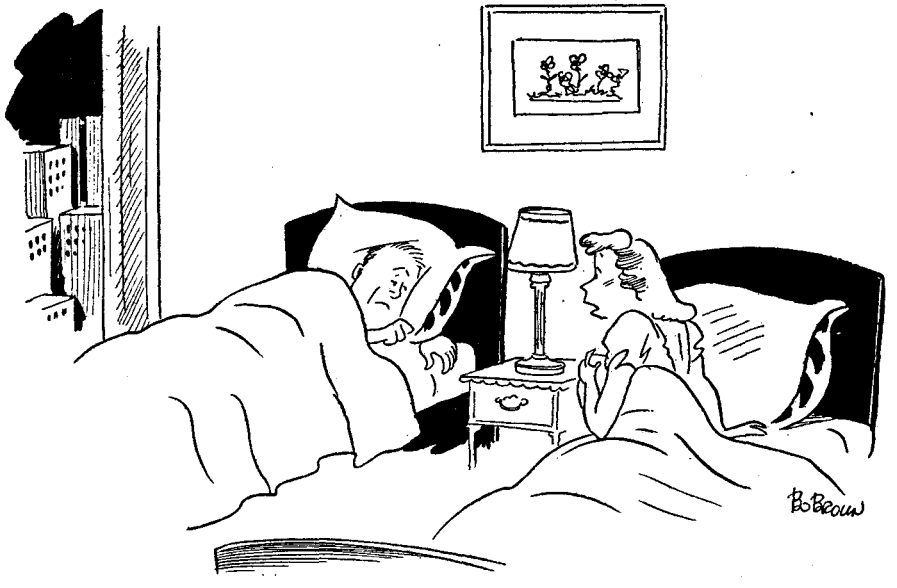
◆◆ In Chicago (unless the AP is kidding), Ignatz Zabrini wrapped a lead pipe around the head of a man who was trying to sell him a set of Victor Hugo on the instalment plan, explained in court, "Sure I hit him with an iron pipe—but it was the soft end."

◆◆ In New Rochelle, in a solemn ceremony, the right to vote was restored to Thomas Paine, author of "Common Sense." It had been taken from him 139 years before by the same community on the grounds that "his actions proved he was not an American citizen." The town's move rectified a historic injustice, but came just a little too late for all practical purposes. . . .

THE END OF PAPER rationing took a tremendous load off the minds of the country's book publishers, but any tangible results in the format of books and the size of lists will not be very noticeable until the turn of the year. Most of the books now being published were on the presses before the rationing orders were revoked, and the best the publishers could do was to step up the number of copies printed. Presses and binders are working to capacity, and the fact that everybody wants additional tonnage at the same time hasn't simplified the problems of the paper mills a bit. More harassed than anybody are the editors who got by for over two years with glib and regretful references to paper shortages as an excuse for rejecting manuscripts. Soon again we may witness the spectacle of a publisher handing a script back to an author with a straightforward "We can't take on your book, old man, for the simple reason that it stinks to heaven."

Random House at least plans to retain many of the features in its future books that literally were forced upon it by wartime shortages, and I sincerely hope that most other publishers will do the same. Improvements can and will be made in margins, size of type and spacing, and better materials used throughout, but the public has been educated to the advantages of smaller, more compact editions, and a return to pre-war formats would be inexcusable. Four out of every five letters that have come to *SRL* on this subject agree thoroughly. . . .

IMPETUOUS YOUNG AUTHORS who resent being asked to rewrite occasional paragraphs in their manuscripts might profit by studying the methods of Sinclair Lewis. Lewis banged out the first draft of "Cass Timberlane" on his typewriter, and then retyped it himself, making changes as he went



"Williston, did you put the cow out?"

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"Dirty New York postcards, ten francs?"

along. Still not completely satisfied, he had Saxe Commins come up to his house and read the book to him aloud. Lewis listened intently, his head cocked to one side, alert to catch the slightest nuance in dialogue that did not sound completely authentic to him. It is no accident that the final version of "Cass Timberlane" represents Sinclair Lewis in his finest form since "Dodsworth." . . . John Gunther, incidentally, on his way home from an intensive countrywide tour, stopped off at Sauk Center, the scene of "Main Street," and is writing a magazine article on what happened to Carol and Will Kennicott in the past quarter of a century. . . . Also incidentally, a talent scout from the Theatre Guild heard Commins's audition on "Cass Timberlane" and promptly offered him a job in the road company of "Oklahoma." . . . Most publishers and producers are extremely allergic to authors who want to read their manuscripts aloud. The late Sam Harris once bought a play because he heard that excellent actor, Arnold Daly, reading it to a group, and found himself profoundly moved by it. It turned out to be one of the most dismal flops of his career. "This has been a great lesson to me," he said. "That's what I get for letting a two-thousand-dollar-a-week actor read a drama to me and getting a one-hundred-dollar-a-week actor to play it!" . . .

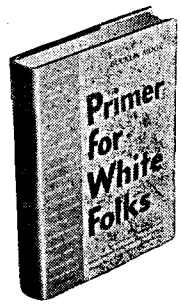
THE 1945-46 SOCIAL season of the lit'ry set opened with a bang last Friday when Max Geffen, bustling head of *Omnibook Magazine,* chucked a glittering party at the Rainbow Room, atop Radio City. Ed Seay, who now does the publicity for *Omnibook,* once performed similar chores for the Rainbow Room, so the arrangements were understandably perfect—right down to a special elevator, marked "Omnibook Reception," that whizzed impressed publishers up and down sixty-six floors faster than a motorist behind you starts honking when the light turns green. The guests of honor were Gertie Lawrence and John Mason Brown, the William Cullen Bryant of 1945. Either the general run of ladies at bookish cocktail parties is growing more beautiful, or my standards are relaxing, or both. Besides Miss Lawrence, Helen Wood, Natalie Schaefer, Frances Merriam, Bernadine Scherman, Mrs. Geffen, Eloise Hazard, Mildred Smith, and a dozen others I didn't get around to meeting, looked ravishing enough to make up the "Samba Siren" line in the next Copacabana Revue.

The youngest glamor girl at the party turned out to be the fourth of Max Perkins's famous quintette of daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cousins, undaunted, just had their third. Chester Kerr has the best story of all along these lines:

It seems that Chester knows a man who is the ninth child of a persevering couple who previously had produced eight straight girls in a row. When the baby's sire heard that he at last had a boy he went on a week-long celebration that broke several records. On the seventh day somebody asked him, "Who does it look like: you or your wife?" "I don't know," the proud parent chortled happily. "We haven't looked at his face yet."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



OF **Primer For White Folks** Jonathan Daniels says *"The best, the most effective and the most steadily interesting anthology of the literature of protest put within covers during the whole history of the black man's continuing struggle for freedom."* The Chicago Tribune says, "BUCKLIN MOON *has put together a book that ought to be as widely read as Uncle Tom's Cabin was before the Civil War."* And Isabel Currier in the Boston Herald says, *"In 20 years of reviewing I have not encountered a collection of such rare richness as* **Primer For White Folks."**

And so the reviews go. Not one of the many I have seen is in any way unfavorable. Even the Southern reviewers stretched themselves a bit and admitted frankly that they couldn't find much wrong with it. Their best suggestion was that it should be read by Negroes as well as whites and that from this standpoint the title was unfortunate.

But the whites in this country outnumber the Negro ten to one. Fortunately the mind of man is neither white nor black, for it is the mind that must be the initial battleground for wrestling with what is called the Negro "problem." And by population, for every Negro mind in which the "problem" is fought, there must be ten white minds. The burden of settlement, numerically speaking, rests on the white minds.

But since the "problem" exists in the minds of both races, both races must cooperate towards the eventual solution. We have got to learn to live together at home if we are to live at peace with the rest of the world. The most sluggish obstacles to racial cooperation are *inherited* prejudice and stupidity, the lack of will to think. To remove these obstacles, we must all seek what the semanticists call "extensional" contact with a variety of other minds. This will to think must be the first step, and it must lead to action. BUCKLIN MOON supplies that "extensional" contact in **Primer For White Folks.**

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

UNTIL IT BE THOROUGHLY FINISHED

"O LORD GOD, when Thou givest to Thy servants to endeavor any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory; through Him that for the finishing of Thy work laid down His life. Amen."

This was a prayer heard in all the churches of England on a Sunday morning in the dark Spring of 1941. It was not a new prayer. Sir Francis Drake had written it. He had composed it on that April morning in 1587 just before he pushed into the Bay of Cadiz to "singe the beard" of the Spanish King.

Darting into this heavily armed base, Drake had done the impossible. Although he had employed only four of the twenty-five ships at his disposal, he had engaged and set fire to the sixty tall galleons foregathered there to sail as part of Philip II's mighty naval force against England. A year later, when the delayed Armada had at last raised anchor, the work Drake had begun at Cadiz was continued until "thoroughly finished."

At Cadiz, writes Geoffrey Callender in his fine book, "The Naval Side of British History," "the history of the world was altered in an hour. The era of galley warfare was ended." It was ended even if the Spaniards did not as yet realize this.

* * *

With V-E Day a memory only five months old and world peace here as our new unfinished business, it is fitting to have the official Allied photographic record of so mighty an endeavor as the Invasion of "Fortress Europe" derive its title from Drake's prayer and be known as "The True Glory."*

In the advertisements this compendium of the work of the combat photographers of all the services in all the Allied nations is billed as General Dwight D. Eisenhower's "The True Glory." Much as one might say Noel Coward's "The Scoundrel." Or Charlie Chaplin's "The Great Dictator." Or as if, when all was not quiet on the western front, the General had found time to function as a stand-in for D. W. Griffith or Orson Welles.

This billing is the film's one false note. General Eisenhower is not the kind of man to steal the show, even if it was staged in his theatre. Everyone knows this. At least everyone should, including the "ad" writers. How wrong they are in suggesting the quality of "The True Glory," and how unjust to Eisenhower, the General himself makes clear when, with characteristic modesty, he speaks the foreword.

"So far as is possible," says he, "the editors have made an account of the really important men in this campaign. I mean the enlisted soldiers, sailors, and airmen who fought together through every obstacle to victory. Of course, to tell the whole story would take years but the theme would be the same. Team work wins wars. All the way down the line from the G.I. and the Tommy . . . to us brass hats."

Most decidedly "The True Glory" is not a brass-hat film. The virtue of its editing and writing is that, in spite of having had one of history's most momentous events as its scenarist, it never loses sight of what that event owed to the countless anonymous individuals who made the Nazi defeat possible. Its touch remains as human as its scale is epic. This is one of the sources of its power, one of the reasons for its eloquence, and a major contributor to its importance. It is another documentary of great events, and of small men who at the hour of the testing proved themselves large.

More than being a photographic record of the vastest allied effort ever made in warfare, it is itself an allied effort to confound the doubting. It should silence those to whom peace seems mainly to have meant a renewed opportunity for spreading the doctrines of disunity.

Although by intention a mammoth newsreel of history in the act of being made, "The True Glory" is more than that. It is something to be heard no less than seen. The hearing of it is an integral part of the seeing. More important to its combat shots than the thunder of battle noises is the counterpoint of individual voices. It is the Negro, Jewish, Southern, or Yankee G.I.'s; it is the Scottish, Cockney, or Canadian Tommies; it is the Poles, the Russians, or the members of the French Underground, who in their simple talk personalize the giant drama, giving us its true dimension, reminding us of its real point.

—From the picture

General Eisenhower: "Team work wins wars. All the way down the line from G. I. and Tommy to us brass hats."

Visually, "The True Glory" confronts us with the stern, stirring, and fearful stuffs of war. No one on this side of the Atlantic who sits before it (and everyone should) can from now on say that, for him, the war in Europe was remote. No scene has been restaged or laid on. The studio touch is happily absent.

The Battle of the Atlantic. . . . Bruised London. . . . The rigors of Commando training. . . . The moving south to the Channel ports of men and equipment. . . . The loading of the LST's. . . . The waiting on sealed ships. . . . The crossing to Normandy. . . . The tension of the landing. . . . The desperate fighting on "Omaha" beach. . . . The huge armada unloading. . . . The arrival of the cement breakwaters known as "Mulberry." . . . The fury of the storm which destroyed the American harbor. . . . The dash for Cherbourg. . . . The fierce fighting around Caen. . . . The breakthrough at St. Lo. . . . The giddy sweep across France. . . . Avranches. . . . The Germans leaving Paris, and the Allies entering. . . . The clearing of Antwerp by the Canadians. . . . The reassurance of steady air-coverage, and the incessant bombing of the enemy's strategic points. . . . The desperate threat of the Battle of the Bulge. . . . The Americans meeting with the Russians at the Elbe. . . . The horrors of the German prison camps. . . . The street fighting in Berlin. . . . The wreckage of the Reichschancellory. . . . Doenitz signing the surrender. . . : . . . These are the inevitable highlights of that campaign which, 337 days after D-

**THE TRUE GLORY, the official photographic record of the Nazi defeat in Europe. Produced by the Joint Anglo-American Film Planning Committee. Directed by Captain Garson Kanin (for the United States) and Carol Reed (for Great Britain). Photographed by combat cameramen of the United States, Canada, France, Poland, Belgium, Netherlands, Czecho-Slovakia, Norway, Great Britain. Distributed by Columbia Pictures for the Office of War Information through the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry. At the Victoria Theatre.*

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Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
BIJOU THEATRE, 45 St. W. of B'y

Day, found the German strength exhausted, and Europe once again at peace.

Not all of the sequences in "The True Glory" are unfamiliar. Newsreel addicts are bound to recognize pictures here and there. Even these, however, when no longer isolated, seem different, fitted as they now are into the great continuity, with the first apprehension gone. What was experience has become history. The uncertain present has already slipped into the past. Yet, in "The True Glory," that past manages to become the present once again, with all its hazards and anxieties restored.

The editors of "The True Glory" have faced a formidable task. They have had to squeeze into eighty minutes the suggestions of a stupendous action which took two years in the planning and almost one year in the execution.

To be an anthologist of events is still to be an anthologist. Which is always a risky business. The very act of choosing means you have no other choice than to be guilty of omissions. Almost everyone who was in Europe, regardless of his service or his sanity, is bound to feel in his heart of hearts that *his* particular show, *his* outfit, and *his* boss merit more emphasis (just because of having been *his*) than space or time could hope to offer them. Among malcontents rash enough to be vocal, perhaps those who participated in the invasion of Southern France have the best justification. Theirs was a landing entitled, by its scale and significance, to more than the scant mention made of it.

Visually, "The True Glory" is a saga of the impossible having once again been done. It is such a story as only a camera, with its all-seeing and unblinking eyes, could hope to tell; that is when ten million feet of combat film have been cut to eight thousand, and these have been assembled by two such skilful directors as Carol Reed for

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WALTER WINCHELL says: "A 5-STAR SCREEN SMASH!" . . . . . Your Own GI's Story
Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's
THE TRUE GLORY
Distributed by COLUMBIA PICTURES
Directed by Capt. GARSON KANIN (for the United States)
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Great Britain (remember "The Night Train"?), and Captain Garson Kanin for the United States (who did "Tom, Dick and Harry").

The commentaries accompanying this particular Gallic war are fortunately not as dry as Caesar might have favored. The technique employed in their writing is one to which the radio, when it has global matters on its thorax, has accustomed us. Often the words are as picture-conjuring as if no pictures were being shown with them. Their wise intention, however, is to summon another image, personalized and simple, in contrast to the mighty mass movement sweeping across the screen.

From time to time the sound track is devoted to the sonorities of some rather high-falutin' verse, most of the weaknesses of which are masked by the English actor who reads it. The best dialogue (and very good it is) is the least pretentious. Its excellence should not surprise us when we remember that such writers as Sergeant Saul Levitt, one of *Yank's* correspondents, Lieutenant Colonel Eric Maschwitz, the Britisher who wrote the screen play of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," Private Harry Brown of "A Walk in the Sun" and "Artie Greengroin" fame, and Private Peter Ustinov, one of England's promising younger dramatists, have been responsible for it.

The simple speeches are able in a phrase to suggest the emotions felt by the individual. They conjure the civilian hidden in the uniform. With an impartiality almost Jovian, the dialogue alternates from British to American tonsils. It suggests locale pungently, swiftly. It not only speaks antiphonally with the camera; it dares to contradict, and sometimes to laugh at, what is being shown on the screen. It can claim humor no less than simplicity among its virtues.

In spite of its high merits, three things bothered me a little in "The True Glory." The first, and most serious, of these is the amateurishness of the battle maps of the campaign. They leave the strategy unexplained, the drama unignited. They lack completely the unforgettable qualities of visualization which so distinguished the animated diagrams in "The Nazis Strike," "Divide and Conquer," and "Tunisian Victory." Another defect is the inadequacy of the musical score. I was disappointed, too, by the way in which the final film sequences fail to rise to a climax worthy of the concluding dialogue.

This dialogue is in itself excellent. It summarizes the whole picture's point, making it no less eloquent as a plea for peace than as a record of war. "I spent four years in the infantry," we hear one G.I. say, "and I saw my share. During that time I met only three men who liked to fight, and they were a little cracked. But it had to be done and, now that it's all over, I feel good. Except for one thing. All this talk about World War III—these big pessimists who talk so easily about another war just didn't see this one—or enough of it."

"To the victor belongs the spoils," adds another homespun voice. "That's what they say. Well, what are the spoils? Only this. A chance to build a free world better than before. Maybe the last chance. Remember that."

No wonder, when the final voice speaks, reminding us the time has come "to put our victory to the test of peace," that Drake's prayer is read. Just now it seems as important that this prayer, about the continuing of a great endeavor until it be thoroughly finished, should be heard, as that in times of war, for England's sake, Drake's drum should still be audible.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Making Anti-Militarists of Japan

DILEMMA IN JAPAN. By Andrew Roth. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 291 *pp. Index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THE Japanese do not constitute a solid economic and political unit, Mr. Roth reminds us. Despite regimentation and repression there have been war plant strikes, rice riots, sabotage movements, and a reformist underground in Japan. These and ideological infiltration, especially among soldiers and factory workers, are recorded in "Dilemma in Japan." The author proposes that we harness this discontent and unrest to remake the government.

If the United Nations leave the government of Japan in the hands of the "moderates," Mr. Roth asserts, we are headed for another Pearl Harbor. In the interests of lasting peace he proposes the elimination of Japan's "Old Gang"—the civilians of the ruling oligarchy—whom Allied conservatives, he claims, favor as bulwarks of "order" and "stability." Other measures on his program for a new, "democratic" Japan are "liquidation" of jingoists and military fascists, a "purge" of Prussian-style bureaucrats, and "perhaps" nationalization of banks and heavy industry.

—*Messner in the* Rochester Times-Union

A Witch's Brew.

It is Mr. Roth's recommendation that the Allied governments, instead of supporting the Old Gang, should turn to the advocates of a "democratic," anti-militarist Japan. Some of the latter, especially the liberal and radical aristocrats, have studied in Western universities, "but there are more graduates of political prisons than of Harvard and Princeton among them. . . . Some are avowed Communists, and more have ideas regarded as too liberal by conservatives the world over."

The author singles out two Japanese advocates of a new order, both of whom have been successful in reclaiming war prisoner compatriots from militarism. Wataru Kaji, leftist writer, organizer, and head of the Japanese Anti-War League, working at Chungking, Susamo Okano, a founder of the Japanese Communist Party and leader of the Japanese People's Emancipation League, had headquarters in the Chinese Communist capital of Yenan. The JPE League is a so-called "people's front" organization that aims to overthrow the militarists and establish a "democratic Japan" with a better way of life for the peasants, industrial workers, and small business men.

Forman's "Report from Red China" is one of the sources quoted by Mr. Roth to illustrate the work of the Emancipation League in making anti-militarists of Japanese soldiers. Susamo Okano, however, warned Mr. Forman: "The Emperor is still too much of a godlike figure to a good many Japanese for us to shout 'Down with the Emperor!' at this moment." But the League would not oppose a move to try Hirohito as a war criminal. Mr. Roth thinks we should educate the Japanese people with a view to removing the Emperor.

The author calls one chapter of his book "The State Department and Japan's Old Gang." Most of the thirty-five pages of the chapter are given over to Joseph Clark Grew, our Ambassador to Japan in the pre-Pearl Harbor decade and "most vocal of the

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State Department's Japan experts." Mr. Roth objects to Mr. Grew's support of the Japanese "moderates" and the Emperor.

By the time "Dilemma in Japan" reached the scheduled publication date some of it was pretty much water under the bridge. V-J Day—official and unofficial—had come and gone, Mr. Grew had resigned from the foreign service, and General MacArthur seemed to be getting "order," "stability," and his own way in post-war Japan. That way did not, of course—could not—please everyone everywhere, but some of it ought to find favor with Mr. Roth. It includes abolition of Imperial GHQ, the militaristic power behind the throne, an effort to destroy the sinister Black Dragon Society, orientation of the Japanese press and radio toward the development of democratic ideals, and the setting up of a War Crimes Board to try a comprehensive and ever-lengthening docket of war criminals. The American General appears to be the real ruler of Japan: Hirohito is to act only under his orders.

The Emperor is not at this writing listed among the war criminals. From long first-hand experience with the Japanese General MacArthur knows that "the Emperor cult is the religion of a ruthless militarism." Undoubtedly he knows, too, that the victor must tread warily in dealing with the religion of the vanquished.

In Mr. Roth's publicity release no mention is made of travel to Japan, but credit is given for intensive study of Russian, Japanese, and Chinese. The young author is a former research associate of the Institute of Pacific Relations and a contributor to *Amerasia* and other publications.

Advertising Greets the Homecoming Heroes and Customers

By David L. Cohn

ALL during this war we at Gurglehimer-Botts
Distillers of Old Bushwah a blend
Composed of 15% straight whiskies thirty days old
And 85% neutral spirits
Said we'd stand by you.
And we did.

We stood by you at Guadalcanal, the Solomons, New Guinea,
New Britain, St. Lo and the Battle of the Bulge.
Names as famous in American history
As that of Old Bushwah itself.

We pledged that we'd never let you down
And we didn't.
Nothing is changed about Old Bushwah
Except the label.
And for the benefit of the heroes who've been away
We'll tell you what it is. It now reads:

Composed of 85% neutral spirits and
15% straight whiskies thirty days old.

That is our contribution to keeping America just like
It was that night when you kissed Mom goodbye
And she cried but Pop stared straight ahead not saying anything
But thinking . . . thinking a lot probably
Like men do but not saying anything
While Mack, your liver-and-white setter followed
you down to the bus station and you
Didn't know what to do with him until Ernie Jones, the bus-driver
Said, "I'll take care of him, Hugh."
And you knew he would.

GI, America is Names. Bath House John, Eddie Guest, Ringling Brothers, The Morris Plan, Sing Sing, Colonel Robert McCormick, Mary, the Typhoid Carrier, the Seven Sutherland Sisters, The Albany Day Line, Mack Sennett, The Man Bilbo, Jesse James, and Old Bushwah.

America is Honorable Names. Names that not
Even a Great War could change
Names that sent images flickering through your mind
When you sat there in your foxhole not knowing
What would happen next but knowing that Back Home
In the States you could depend on the
Quality behind those names.

Whale-O, the Margarine with the Nutty Flavor,
Harmon's Tasty Capers,
Mrs. Sullivan's Home Made Pies, Incorporated,
Teenie-Weenie Little Petit Pois Peas
And Old Bushwah.

America has worked hard to keep these names clean.
Despite bottle shortages,
Despite glue shortages,
Despite the war.

But the people were patient. They understood.
The going was, as you GI's say, rugged.
It took some doing but we did it.
Keeping quality up and price down.
Resisting the temptation to cheapen,
Resisting the temptation to make profits,
Keeping the Names clean,
Keeping them for you.

We knew you were fighting for us,
Fighting to preserve things as they were
So that if you temporarily couldn't enjoy them
And even the folks at home sometimes had to be patient,
All would be well in the end.
But now this bloody business is over and
you'll be coming back to the Good Things of
Life you fought to keep:

Mom, Pop, Sis, Mack, the liver-and-white setter,
The Brooklyn Bridge, the A&P, the gap in the
picket fence on North Sycamore Street,
The old leaky shower in Uncle Jed's bathroom
That he never would have fixed
And the old mortgage on the homestead.
The broken street light at the corner of
Fourth and Vance where you shyly kissed your
Best Girl who's waiting for you now in the
same stockings she wore when you left home.
The mouse in the attic you couldn't catch,
The three chocolate stains on the marble slab
of the soda fountain in Ham's Drugstore—
and Old Bushwah.

We've kept the faith. We've fought the good fight together.
You in your way. We in ours.
Now you can lay down your rifle.
And we can take up our typewriter
After four years in Hell!

(This is the fourth in a series of Messages from Old Bushwah, Distilleries, Incorporated. A reproduction of this message, suitable for framing, will be sent you on request.)

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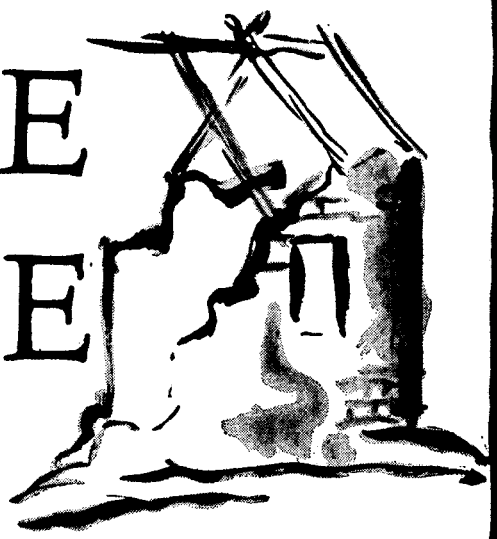

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Momma's Epistles

DEAR DOLLINK. By Milt Gross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 160 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by S. J. WOOLF

"IS now going on here a terrible academic mizzles mit momps, you should be kerful. In caze wot it's dere a shutage doctors like here, so I'm sanding you a bottle noze drops it should arrifing possels-pust."

This is part of the second paragraph of the first letter that Momma wrote to her Dear Dollink, Frankie, at the Front. It is typical of all the letters in the book. I trust that Frankie had less difficulty in deciphering them than I.

With a glossary and a "pony" perservering readers will get hearty belly laughs out of Momma's epistles. As for me, I prefer books written in a language that I can easily understand. I missed the poetic import of the Odyssey because my Greek was not fluent. Even swift-footed Achilles lost his speed by the time I found out what his ever accompanying adjective meant. Horace was odious to me because I was ignorant.

This is precisely what happened when I sat down expecting to enjoy "Dear Dollink." I like my humor spontaneous. After I had reread a sentence four or five times to discover what the author was driving at, I was too tired to be amused. I blame this on no one but myself. Despite a lifetime in New York, a knowledge of the lower East Side, as well as trips to Europe and South America I have never run across anyone who spoke like Momma writes. Or if I did I could not understand him. I have enjoyed Weber and Fields, chuckled over Potash and Perlmutter's fights, and laughed at Arthur Kober's Bella. But Momma eludes me.

Those familiar with her jargon will probably enjoy the book. As for the drawings they are typically Gross. They are of the comic strip variety. So far as I am concerned they do not tease.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 599)

J. BARZUN:
TEACHER IN AMERICA

The passion for fuzzy psychologizing has led to the use of tests and questionnaires for choosing and "guiding" students into and through college. . . . John's only hope may be* that the new teacher will keep the file shut and his mind open.

*"May be" substituted for "is" in the text to get a "b."

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Family Affairs

NO SHORTAGE OF MEN. By Ethel Hueston. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1945. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

WHEN I picked up Ethel Hueston's latest novel and read something on the blurb about "charmingly eccentric people and deliciously screwy situations" I reached for my weather-eye glasses. "Heaven forfend us," I said, "from another book about delightfully mad individuals, Monty-Woolley-ish old gentlemen, autocratic and peculiar Grandmothers (inevitably nicknamed 'Gram') who turn out to be crazy like a fox, and from a plot which is described as hilarious."

I did Miss Hueston an injustice. To a degree, all these stock ingredients of a current mode of frothy fiction are present, but she has whipped them up with a difference, and turned out a really very dextrous and engaging story of a family involved in matrimonial and emotional upheavals. There is Gram who, after forty years of what her children considered an extremely happy marriage, throws a bombshell by divorcing the General, a sort of Ambassador-without-Portfolio with a finger in a lot of international affairs; Eileen, her daughter, who wants to divorce her husband Dave, a man whom she has apparently completely misunderstood and underestimated; Ellena, Eileen's eighteen-year-old daughter who makes a hasty wartime match and then decides that she didn't know her husband well enough before she married him and now doesn't want to. Everyone gets thoroughly mixed up in everyone else's problems; Gram's elaborate schemes to keep Eileen's and Ellena's matrimonial barks from going on the rocks work up to a fine tangle of complications and unexpected back-firings. Everything turns out happily, however, leaving the reader as well as the characters slightly out of breath but in a pleasant glow.

Miss Hueston tells her story by letting the characters in turn take up the narrative, and she has managed very skilfully to weave their individual reactions, their motives, and their secrets from each other into a swift, amusing, and highly romantic plot which has, for all its lightness, more than a touch of serious implication. "No Shortage of Men" is a fine book for the guest bedroom table; the only trouble is that the guest will probably sit up far too late into the night reading it.

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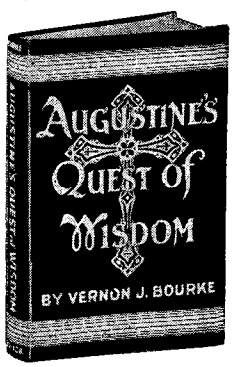

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The Jews in Conquered France

"STEPCHILDREN" OF FRANCE. By Charles Odic. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 181 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

SOME months ago, in one of *The New Yorker's* "Letters from Paris," a Frenchwoman was quoted as remarking that one of the deeper causes for the ever-recurring tragedy of the non-Germans at the hands of the Germans is almost mechanical refusal of the former, once the Germans are gone, to remember what they have seen with their own eyes. The widespread tendency to disbelieve atrocities (so superbly dealt with in Arthur Koestler's recent essay on the subject) yields to a growing disinclination to call them to mind again—and this exactly at the moment when the sober language of official records is about to do away with whatever rational doubts were mustered before in the attempts not to face the whole depravity of man. The public reaction, some time ago, to the showing in this country of the concentration camp pictures (a careful selection, as I understand) tells but part of the tale. Every editor will tell you that "horror stories," whether documentary or fictional, can no longer count on anything like a general interest. Reconversion to the pleasant belief in the innate goodness of man is in full swing.

It is all the more commendable, then, that a young publishing house has ventured to print these moving pages, almost artlessly written by a Paris physician who has lived through the four years of occupation—and has lived through them with open eyes and a heart that neither faltered nor hardened under the impact of what he was called upon to witness. The chance encounter with an injured lorry driver prompted him to volunteer for medical services in the various camps, prisons, and hospitals where the Germans processed Jews into corpses. If the Jews were not the only victims in France of the *furor teutonicus* (equipped with Teuton twentieth-century efficiency and *Kultur*), they were yet those who suffered most. Their losses are beyond repair. The Germans have won their *bellum judaicum*. And this is why Dr. Odic—he must be a good physician, for he is a good man—feels constrained to tell, once more, the whole story of anti-Semitic persecutions in France.

Of the many accounts he gives with both Latin passion and French dignity none are as heartbreaking as those concerning the fate of Jewish children —French children as well as children who had lived for years under the tricolor. Herod seems like an amateur compared with the men at the helm of the anti-children crusade of 1942.

But along with the Germans, Dr. Odic blames his own compatriots for what happened. A generation more fortunate than the present knew the narrow-minded petty official of France as a stock-in-trade figure of Courteline comedies, and knew how to smile at his xenophobe antics. The picture this courageous Frenchman draws of the French gendarmes and *flics* is far less funny. They acted under duress, to be sure, and could refer to doing "only their duty." "Don't talk about duty," a brave Jewish teacher and World War I veteran in charge of a hundred and fifty orphans snapped back at one of these *policiers* when he came to pick out another bunch of children for deportation, "you are doing your job. That is something else again."

Is having done one's job under German orders to be regarded as collaboration, and punishable as such? Much ink will be spilled in France on that question, and even more heated words exchanged. But Dr. Odic is less concerned with punishment and revenge than with duty toward the surviving, and the restoration, on that score, of France's honor. He is not without hope. Among piled-up horrors and amidst what seems like utter despair he yet remembers many an act of personal gallantry, such as the "conspiracy of the mothers" which saved hundreds of children from wanton torture and extermination. He, for one, will not forget what his eyes have seen—the uncounted crimes, on the one hand, and the proofs of human steadfastness in misery, on the other. And he, for one, knows that the memory to be kept of both will be in direct proportion to the earnestness of our determination never to let it happen again.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Captain Corcoran, in "Pinafore." 2. Major-General Stanley, in "The Pirates of Penzance." 3. Katisha, in "The Mikado." 4. The Lord Chancellor, in "Iolanthe." 5. Sir Joseph Porter, in "Pinafore." 6. Frederic, in "The Pirates of Penzance." 7. Nanki-Poo, in "The Mikado." 8. Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, in "Ruddigore." 9. The Judge, in "Trial by Jury." 10. Little Buttercup, in "Pinafore." 11. Ruth, in "The Pirates of Penzance." 12. Pooh-Bah, in "The Mikado." 13. The Duke of Plaza Toro, in "The Gondoliers." 14. Reginald Bunthorne, in "Patience." 15. King Gama, in "Princess Ida." 16. Yum-Yum, in "The Mikado." 17. James, in "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." 18. The Pirate King, in "The Pirates of Penzance." 20. The Mikado, in "The Mikado."

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Double Climax

JANUARY THAW. By Bellamy Partridge. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 329 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

FOR good early reconversion in the novel we ought to award an E for excellence to Bellamy Partridge. It's back to normalcy with a bang, and with a loud guffaw too. Consider first the New York writer's dream: a house in the country, preferably Connecticut, one of those low-slung rambling affairs stuffed with old furniture, hard-wood beams, gables and Dutch ovens, and all the other fixings that he can "do things with" when he gets his hands on them. And suppose it is called "Lazy Corners"; then it is irresistible, despite the inevitable flaw in the title. Herbert Gage, the hard-working writer, and his wife Margie, recognize in this house the mansion of their dreams. They leap at it, or into it, and decide to let their lawyer worry about that flaw. The flaw is a life interest in the house possessed by an old couple who have disappeared and may never come back. Maybe they won't, thinks Gage, and rebuilds that house until it gleams like a new typewriter.

But they come back, as you knew they would. Jonathan Rockwood and his wife Sarah come riding up the road behind their old horse, Shadrach, and get themselves into the house before Gage knows what is happening. From there on it is a battle, between the old furniture moved back into the modernized rooms and the new electricity turned off to exert pressure on the old folks, between the endurance of a couple of farm-folk used to living on the soil and the nouveau country-gentleman who gets his provisions over the telephone, between rural cantankerousness and city nerves.

The pay-off comes with a double climax; a terrific freeze that isolates the farm, and the discovery of a flaw in the flaw—the Rockwoods have lost their life interest. But by this time something new has come into the picture, or was there all the time, Mr. Partridge being what he is—an amiable lover of man. Gage and Rockwood have developed a respect for and understanding of each other, in the midst of the battle, even as Partridge has been poking fun at both of them, at the slick and uneasy city folk, at the stubborn obstructionism of a farmer with a grudge. The whole thing is bathed in light and humor and the fragrance of a good earth that will sustain and tolerate us all. It's a warm and lovely book, the first healing touch of non-war fiction.

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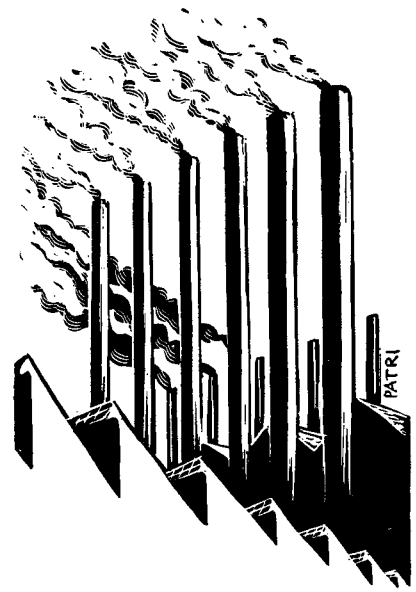
Industry and Power Politics

BIG BUSINESS IN A DEMOCRACY. By James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 276 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

WHETHER a citizen of Detroit likes it or not, he is very close today to the raw and brutal realities of social change in process. Here industrial management and labor leadership work, play, eat, and sleep like the staffs of armies on the march, constantly aware of each other and constantly on the offensive or defensive. Here the power politics of cliques in these gigantic social combinations move swiftly and deftly from race riots to city elections, to lockouts, strikes, and arbitrations, and to myriad other ways of crashing on to advantages.

As a citizen of Detroit, I have often speculated on what this whole network



of conflict and opportunism would look like from a point more remote in time and space. James Truslow Adams offers one such perspective upon one of Detroit's and of the nation's leading industrial institutions, the General Motors Corporation. He does so with the kindly and grandfatherly admonition, "I am going to step back a billion and a half years. Don't be frightened. I have a reason."

As Mr. Adams takes us by the hand and leads us to his vantage point, he explains how, for his sins, as he puts it, he has had "to read or glance at an enormous amount of tripe by reformers about the unfairness and injustices of man to man in 1945." Without what he calls "perspective or historical background," he admits that he would have been "in grave danger of being misled."

In this perspective of the eons, Mr. Adams sees "man emerge as an individual from the pack." He thus believes that we shall have to preserve as best we can as much unbridled individualism as possible. The emergence of man "meant the birth not only of the inventor, the thinker, the artist and the *leader* in general, but the birth also of all sorts of *desires* which were infinitely varied and not merely stereotypes of the combined *emotions* of a hungry horde." Others, more mindful of the American tradition, would place more emphasis upon *men* and less upon *the man.*

Mr. Adams fails to see the role of the socialization of the individual down through history to the point where we are able to live in huge communities and countries with some degree of coöperative organization and without rugged individuals being too free to plunder the rest of us. On the contrary, he manages to twist his pack-to-individual sequence to fit it in with the statement that "individuals regardless of physical strength, age, or even mental ability, become more certain of getting *something* out of the general stock of goods," a situation of which he approves.

A lot of the thinking Mr. Adams regards as muddled stems, he claims, from the "new Ellis Island School" of writers. This is a slight variation on the old ethnocentric plea of other Nativists, a practice into which one would not expect a reputable historian to fall. Such writers, he claims, do not understand that practically all Americans are "middle class" and so regard themselves, "though here and there a rich heiress whose papa has left her millions may resent the term."

Mr. Adams does not approve of prefaces. He devotes Chapter I to explaining this idiosyncrasy and Chapters II to VII to the purposes usually allotted to a preface, chiefly a rationalization of his general viewpoint and of his reasons for writing another book. And then after seven chapters and 142 pages of sermonizing concerning the value of leadership, of seeing history his way, of trouncing those busybodies, the reformers, he brings forth onto his stage his "horrible—or beautiful—example" of whether or not there is a *"Curse of Bigness"*: General Motors.

The half of the book that deals chiefly with GM is fascinating, because it is almost a picture of GM in a vacuum. I could not find the name of the United Automobile Workers' Union anywhere. As he wept over the "widows, orphans, and estates, who are the stockholders," Mr. Adams did mention "the notorious Wagner Act"

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of 1935-37, with the "wave of lawlessness" it made to sweep the country. "Great cities, like Flint and Detroit, were intimidated by armed mobs and hoodlums, largely from other States." He gives the impression that only unions would hire thugs. Since he makes no claims of getting the unionists' side of his story, one is forced to assume that he did not care to hear it, much less to weigh it objectively together with what he learned from the public relations department of GM.

One suspects that his extreme anti-unionist, anti-liberal, anti-reformist biases embarrass Mr. Adams a great deal. At least he takes a great deal of space to attack such disturbers of what Mr. Adams takes to be the eternal and right nature of affairs, and he is even moved to this disclaimer:

> General Motors knew nothing of my book or project until I asked them for such information as I needed. They have been most helpful in supplying me with reports and facts of all sorts but, for those suspicious souls who always smell a cash profit in connection with publicity of any kind, I may say that there is none.

Even though Mr. Adams devotes a great deal of space to the apotheosis of the profit motive and all its wonders, I have no reason to doubt his repetitious claim to literary purity. As a matter of fact, I would have been greatly amazed to have learned that such were not the case. As an admirer of the technical skill of Paul Garrett and his associates in public relations on the GM staff, I would not expect them to underwrite such an obviously one-sided, emotional, and prejudiced piece of special pleading for their corporation. Trained public relations specialists would have insisted that Mr. Adams interview the opposition or at least study their literature, that he tone down his emotionalism and at least make his copy look objective, and that he realize GM is led—like the UAW-CIO and our various governmental units—by men.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 118

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 118 *will be found in the next issue.*

MFJGLPI HITTIGG UW VIKHB, DOJ GAI WLKJG GU PORR FJ YFOQIKJ, HIPOFJI L HLV GAIS GKISHRI OG GAI DUKV UW GAI RUKV.—ZIUKZI WUC. WUFTVIK UW JUPLIGB UW WKLITVJ. ("YFOQIKJ"). MUFKTOR.

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SINISTER ERRAND *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	British counter-espionage agent, M. Kells, and very hush-hush spikes ruthless Nazi spy-ring.	Not so good as Mr. Cheyney's last spy yarn nor so thrilling as its predecessor, but still pretty near tops.	Excitement plus
BEWARE AFTER DARK *Edited by T. Everett Harre* (Emerson: $2.50)	An excellent collection of mystery and horror stories by Irvin Cobb, Arthur Machen, Stevenson, M. P. Shiel, and many others.	Choice of stories and authors way above average. Even old-timers seem fresh, and editor has dug up some shockers that have not been anthologized before.	Worth reading
THIRTEEN TOY PISTOLS *Eugene E. Halleran* (McKay: $2.)	Jersey resort town—in winter—scene of three murders and much local intrigue. Young attorney does able detecting.	If you can keep the characters straight you're likely to enjoy it—but 12 possible killers take a lot of chasing!	Confusing—but good
THE OWL IN THE CELLAR *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2.)	Amusing young Staten Island Irishman plays hare and hounds with cops in solution of several slayings.	Begins well, has plenty of action, numerous wacky characters, and ample local color—but end is a state of collapse.	Average
THE PORTABLE MURDER BOOK *Editor Joseph Henry Jackson* (Viking: $2.)	Eighteen accounts of famous crimes in U. S. A., England, and the continent of Europe, by famous authors—and with excellent introduction.	C. Morley, A. Woollcott, D. Sayers, W. Roughead among authors. All the crimes are hum-dingers, and masterfully described—barring verbose Bolitho contribution.	Good stuff
DREAD JOURNEY *Dorothy B. Hughes* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	East-bound train from Hollywood scene of two poisonings, both with murderous intent, though differently handled. Nary a detective.	Bunch of interesting, if not particularly likeable, people; including movie mogul, two lovelies, and assorted stooges. Suspense is high pitched.	Not too good
PUZZLE FOR WANTONS *Patrick Quentin* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Palatial rancho near Reno, and that city, scene of murders solved by Peter Duluth and movie-star wife.	Poison, suffocation, drowning, bash in head—ol' reliable methods used to extinguish people about whom you don't give a tinker's.	Gaudy
THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	Yacht, on way to disputed island in Cal. bay, scene of nocturnal slaying—maybe. P. Mason, on board, gets busy.	Too much legal guff in opening chapters. Once story begins it has customary Mason movement and zip—but start is pretty well delayed.	Irritating
THE WRONG MAN *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Girl murdered in English woodland. American officer, sundry Britishers, and ineffable Josh Clunk involved.	Clunk as clunky as ever and yarn has typical Bailey plot and good writing except for ridiculous American-Anglicisms.	Standard brand

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Behind the Fame of Victor Hugo

THE CAREER OF VICTOR HUGO. By Elliott M. Grant. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1945. 365 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

SWINBURNE'S inordinate admiration for Victor Hugo is as natural as Thackeray's opinion that the great Frenchman wrote nonsense, and that his novels were full of monsters—as indeed they are: sometimes farcical as well as horrible as in that absurd effort "L'Homme Qui Rit." Today who reads Hugo? And do his admirers read his poetry or his novels or both? Apart from its great merits as a scholarly, compact account of Hugo's writings, Dr. Grant's book will do a real service if it sends only a few readers to Hugo's poetry. There are no lessons to be learned from most of Hugo's fiction that cannot be learned, with less mental discomfort, from Scott, Dumas, Dostoievsky, or Dickens.

No one, of course, who is not out to condemn the whole Romantic movement, would deny that "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" are very well worth reading, if one has the leisure; and worth more, I would say, than "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," even though I am more likely to reread Laclos than Hugo; but Hugo is great, symbolically, by his play "Hernani" and actually by many of the poems.

Dr. Grant reminds us that one of Hugo's friends confided to his diary, after hearing Hugo read "Marison de Lorne" to the Cénacle—Sainte-Beuve, Delacroix, Balzac were there, too: "No one has ever had as much form and as little thought. He never has an idea which is truly his own, not a conviction, not an observation on life, or a timeless revery."

The sting of the criticism is in the last two words. The rest might have been written—indeed in effect often was—fifty years ago by George Bernard Shaw about Shakespeare; and is as irrelevant to Hugo's greatness as G.B.S.'s pin-pricks were to Shakespeare's.

But is it true that, in his dreams, in his poetic shaping of his world Hugo never achieved that timelessness which the great poets, and for that matter little poets who write great poems, such as Thomas Nashe, can achieve in a verse, a line, or a phrase?

Any one familiar with "Les Châtiments," "Les Contemplations," "La Légende des Siècles" would insist that poetically Hugo has a positive and constructive quality greater than one gives to any of his contemporaries. Dr. Grant writes with rare sympathy and understanding of Hugo's achievement in poetry, and has the rare talent of swiftly appropriate quotation. Hugo's philosophy was not original; but in his restatement of old truths and old speculations—Platonic or Christian—he expressed his time with an assurance vouchsafed to few. Many critics would put him on this score higher than Tennyson, because he was acquainted with traditional Catholic philosophy, of which, in spite of his friendship with W. G. Ward, Tennyson was profoundly ignorant.

Dr. Grant sums up the case in favor of Victor Hugo with admirable advocacy in his chapter on "Les Contemplations."

> In any case can there be doubt, as one closes the pages of "Les Contemplations," of the vigor of Hugo's thought, of the interest and value, if not the validity—which is always open to question in any philosophical system—of his religious and metaphysical ideas, and of the versatility and brilliance of his poetic genius? "Les Contemplations" with their reflections on human destiny, with their songs, elegies, and odes, with their extraordinary variety of poetic themes, with their dazzling metaphors and contrasts of color are a permanent, living monument to the greatness of Hugo's art and to the vivacity of his intelligence.

Then Hugo the poet can be found, tender, dreadful, threatening in one novel—"Les Misérables." It is a book of great characters as well as of great action. Hugo lacks the strange, imaginative "substitution" of Dostoievsky, by which all the characters in "The Brothers Karamazov" are the author, and all are the reader: he remains detached from us and his creatures. But he holds us in their company and under his direction: and if he is too bold when he challenges Dante—"Dante created a hell out of poetry: I have tried to create one out of reality"—he was, perhaps, right in thinking he was all the Dante the nineteenth century deserved. Anyway "Les Misérables" is a great book, to which those who are ill-acquainted with the French language and uneasy with French poetry will turn for years to come if they wish to understand the fame of Victor Hugo.

Homosexuals Must Have Strong Imaginations

"Queer" men and women revealed as super-imaginative egotists. Read THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX RELATIONS *by Theodor Reik,* just published by Farrar & Rinehart. *$3.00 at bookstores.*

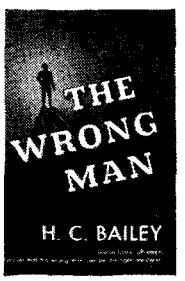
Clues from the CRIME CLUB

SOMEONE ONCE said that the true artist must learn all the rules of his craft before he can dare to ignore them. Which brings us to the thoughtful impudence of H. C. BAILEY, weaver of mystery thrillers, who plies his sinister trade with the book of rules wide open—the better to disregard them.

To the reader of adult mysteries the name BAILEY is like Sterling on silver. The prodigious work that must go into his stories doesn't "show", anymore than a fine hem shows its stitches, but the result is always a glass-smooth production, in which a meticulously woven plot makes certain interesting concessions to that unknown quantity known as a hunch.

In **THE WRONG MAN,** for instance, that sly little detective, *Joshua Clunk,* who accords the English pound as much respect as the Bible, raises the lowly hunch to the status of a science. He pays tribute to it, and to a generous "Providence" when the labyrinthine clues yield their quarry, though you suspect that Providence, being all-wise, withdrew tranquilly from the scene when she saw *Clunk* taking over the affair at Farways Inn.

And what an affair! A missing British captain whose wife has reason to suspect that she may be his widow . . . a determined American colonel hell-bent on finding him . . . the corpse of a girl buried in the woods . . . the mysterious Mr. and Mrs. Afflock who run Farways Inn (with it's Elizabethan furniture and twentieth century plumbing) . . . and an English major, Lydyard, who suggests so much evil without lifting voice or hand that you want him to fry—or rather to hang—even if he didn't so far forget his impeccable manners as to do someone in.



Clunk, by the way, would be horrified if anyone thought he took on his little "investigations" for anything other than money, but he piously signs his letters: "The case is much in my thoughts and prayers."

With a chess-puzzling challenger of a problem, and *Joshua Clunk* giggling his way to a stunning solution, what more could you ask for, except the book, which is the September Crime Club Selection, and is called **THE WRONG MAN.**

The Gunman

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the Phoenix Nest

TO A CHINESE DRAGON

ON pinions of what glossy plume
Fêng-huang, the fabled phoenix flies,
A fiery pheasant through the skies
Bright rays of peace may reillume!

From southern port and northern range
At last the locust foes are gone.
From the Great Altai to Canton
The air is ominous with change.

Now Mao with Chiang can gild a page
To shrivel many an age of lies . . .
With Mongols freed from dynasties
Manchuria fronts a different age.

Now what the Yuans dare in Nanking
May send Asuras to their hells;
And high where the Jade Emperor dwells
Cause all his bells of Heaven to ring;

Make white Confucius, newly sage,
Exalt vast China's larger soul;
And Lao-tzu too approve her rôle
In this apocalyptic age;

Make monstrous myth disperse like rain,
And Wang-Mu's blossoming garden bear—
Those peach-trees of her Western Air—
That all her world grow kind again.

Then call the Eight Immortals down
To walk her fields, her hills to bless,
Asperge her soil of all distress,
Bring plenty to the templed town;

And exorcise the ancient curse,
And lift the people from their dearth,
Till Yang and Yin inherit earth
In a new golden universe!

Buddhas, and all ye genii, hear;
And hear, O Emperor Empearled
Adream above our furious world!
The Age of All Men's Hope draws near

When the True Way shall flood with light
The humblest hovel of the poor . . .
Jade Dawn is at the Golden Door—
Fêng-huang, the Phoenix, is in flight!

* * *

Ned Beatty Bartlow of the American Red Cross in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, sends me a newspaper story of a white-haired man of some seventy years stumbling into the Rangoon airport, surrounded by the Burmese natives who had taken care of him when he fled before the Jap invaders in 1942. Beaten by the Japanese, he sobbed as he handed the reporter yellow and faded pictures of himself, his relatives, and friends, and prayed that he would identify him. On the back of one picture was the name, Thomas Walker. Possibly he came to Burma many years ago to work in the oil fields. Another picture bore the name Bob Clark of Tulsa, Oklahoma. His wife's maiden name is Dorothy Girsham and they have a son, Jackey Clark, and a niece, Kathleen Lewis Smith. The story was taken from *The Chicago Tribune,* and Mr. Bartlow felt that it bore a similarity to Kipling's "The Man Who Was." Certainly that gaunt, staggering, parchment-skinned and weeping figure must have touched deeply the correspondent who talked to him. May he recover his memory and be returned to his own!

* * *

The following small poem comes to me without name or address, as have others in the same type of envelope:

The air still trembles
To the door that closed behind her.
But now no rocket's glide or seven-league stride
Can ever find her,
Though every heartbeat mark
Her footsteps dwindling in the dark.
Far are the Falkland Islands, far is Borneo,
But farther still lies half an hour ago.

Earle Walbridge, now vacationing in Vermont, takes time off to send me:

Folk of the Phoenician ilk are quite as likely to live a thousand years as threescore and beyond. Witness that favorite of my youth, "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra, the Phoenician; Retold by Edwin Lester Arnold," of which your fantasists (stfans if they prefer) might like to be reminded. Our copy here in Vermont was published in New York by the Phoenix Publishing Company, 1892, and the Vermonter who recommended and sold it to my father warned him that it was a damned lie. Arnold's father, Sir Edwin Arnold, author of the once-popular long Buddhistic poem, "The Light of Asia," in his graceful Introduction put it rather less bluntly. Sir Edwin confessed that he had "taken the stupendous postulates of Phra's narrative with equanimity, if not acceptance, and derived from it a pleasure and entertainment too great to express. The author . . . has supposed a young Phoenician merchant, full of the love of adventure, and endowed with a large and observant, if very mystic, philosophy. . . . The adventurer sets out for the 'tin islands,' or Cassiterides, at a date before the Roman conquest of England. He dies and lives anew many times, but preserves his personal identity under the garb of half a dozen transmigrations."

It really is a remarkable piece of story-telling, rather formal in style but tireless in invention, and with many splendidly dramatic effects. I particularly like the embarrassing moment when Phra, after what seems to him an ordinary night's sleep, brings news of the battle of Crècy to (he supposes) Queen Philippa, and is overwhelmed by the wrath of Elizabeth Tudor!

Here is Phra's first death, as a Druid sacrifice:

"I saw the British multitude seethe in confusion and then burst and fly like the foam strands before the wind, as, out of the green thickets, at the run, their cold, brave faces all emotionless over their long brass shields, came rank upon rank of Roman legionnaires. I saw Sempronius on his white charger at their head, glittering in brass and scarlet, and finding my tongue in my extremity, 'Sempronius!' I yelled, 'Sempronius to the rescue!' But too late.

"With a wavering, aimless fall the adze descended between my neck and my shoulder, the black curtain of dissolution fell over the painted picture of the world, there was a noise of a thousand rivers tumbling into a bottomless cavern, and I expired."

Once I spotted a fully illustrated edition of "Phra" on the shelves of a Fifty-ninth Street bookshop—but I never saw it from that day. Presumably it went underground for three centuries. "Dormant," like that adult novel of magic of E. Nesbit's which I have never seen at all.

* * *

Will Dorothy Lee Richardson please send me her address as I have a letter here for her from Nancy Byrd Turner?

And that is all for this week!

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(*Continued from page 41*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IF I kept a diary today's entry would read: On this September 3, 1945, I have truly "labored" to the end that the manuscript of Series 19 has been finished and packed ready for expressing, not to be seen again until our woman wizard, who reads it *before* it goes to press, asks for a conference to check up on errors or possible changes and until the one who copies the diagrams has completed his work for the final plates! Now I know that the research for Series 20 will be done by the time I return, September 19, to New York, and even a scheme for No. 21 may be tested for its feasibility. It has been a satisfying summer of steady work amid beautiful surroundings, and I am more convinced than ever that Dartmouth's Baker Memorial Library in its combination of location, comfort, books, and hospitality must be without a peer!

Mrs. E. Grant, wife of a Williams College professor summering near-by, dropped in the other day at my request for a DC seance. The quotation I gave her offered pleasant meanderings, and her nimble wit made an effective DC of it in comparatively short order. When she thought that she had finished it and we looked it over together, we found an *e* instead of an *o* in one word and the name of a church dignitary taken from my WBD, not in my estimation of sufficient consequences for a DC struggle. The changes necessitated thereby proved good discipline. I experience such often. I wish that I had time to extend an invitation to all interested in such DC-making conferences. It would be such fun!

Other DCers here have included Mrs. Gordon Crouter of Philadelphia, and Mrs. James E. Cooper, New Britain, Conn. Mr. Crouter assists his wife but sometimes rebels when her questioning disturbs his sleep! The Rev. Richard T. Lyford, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa., dropped in with his younger son for a brief acquaintance chat on their way to Franconia Notch. Mrs. Bliss Buchan, wife of a Tulane University professor, made herself known as a devoted DCer in a jolly letter to her old friend, Mrs. Arthur B. Meservey, on reading of Mrs. M. in our column, a letter Mrs. M. shared with me.

Registered opposition to unkeyed work not hitherto noted include: Mrs. Helen G. Legg, Seattle; Lilah McGrim, Chicago; Mrs. B. A. Goodridge, Santa Barbara; Mrs. J. W. Huggins, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Harry T. Stock, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner summering at Chautauqua, N. Y., and Mrs. H. J. Burke, Baltimore. I thank all who wrote me thus frankly.

If any librarian DCer hasn't written me and would like to be included in my coming report about DCer librarians, now's the time.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 600

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 32 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. American ornithologist (1850-1929) who devised color system for bird classification.

B. River in Fr. Eq. Afr., 700 miles to the Atlantic Ocean.

C. Resolute; courageously persistent (Colloq.)

D. King of the English (980(?)-1016; called "Ironside").

E. A plot to kill Charles II and James, Duke of York (1683; 2 wds.)

F. Devitrified (Glassmaking).

G. Bustling; fussy (Eng. slang).

H. A thin kind of goatskin.

I. Controls (3 wds.)

J. Everything of that kind (2 wds.)

K. Its capital is Brünn (Czechoslovakia).

L. Unwearying.

M. English man of letters (1849-1903).

N. A stamped envelope; a cover (Philately).

O. Very severe; very funny (Colloq.)

P. Earliest English Christian poet (fl. 670).

Q. Cattle raising.

R. Most important of the Hawaiian Islands.

S. American writer (1876-1916; "The Sea Wolf").

T. Quixotically adventurous.

U. English poet and artist (1834-96).

V. Not forbidden.

W. Any delicate mixture, as in music or drama.

X. A circular painting or sculptured medallion (Art; It.)

Y. First name of great American actor (1833-93; of a family of actors).

Z. The ridgepole.

WORDS

16 140 175 65 108 36 84

1 64 11 126 79

164 160 33 120 127 139

44 163 155 75 37 25

87 59 72 114 17 2 9 93

121 18 74 8 157 134 116

49 31 51 148 12 130

29 128 115 78 14 112 76 55 153

109 165 58 26 119 144 63 124 101 45 90

13 131 24 68 152 48 100

71 156 107 173 81 132 136

151 95 172 66 117 77 133 142

20 35 53 88 70 60

41 34 4 86 169 146

10 143 177 30 22 113 118 122 85

46 21 105 170 135 56 141

97 82 138 167 5 57 161

23 150 158 99

102 61 50 42 98 67

47 137 154 176 80 145

6 39 111 3 27 89

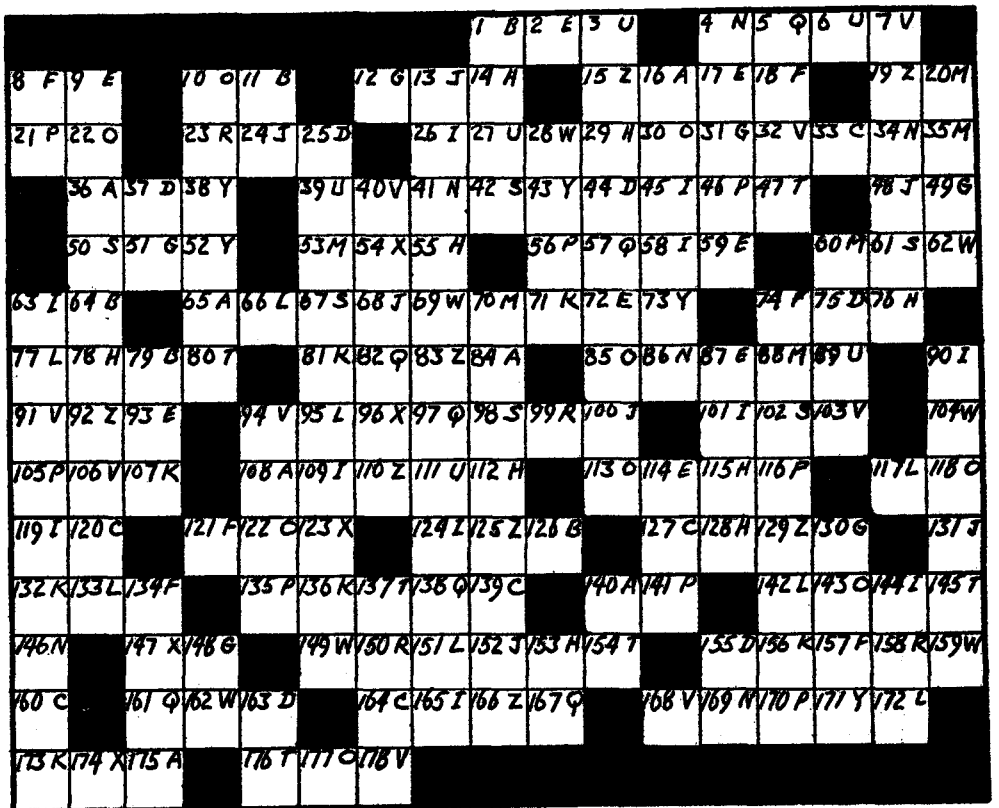
91 32 103 168 94 106 40 178 7

28 162 62 149 104 69 159

96 147 174 123 54

171 38 52 43 73

92 166 125 15 19 83 129 110



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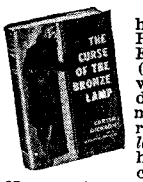

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